Saturday Night

JUNE 9TH 1956 TEN CENTS

Do We Still Need The Militia?

By Major-General
W. H. S. MACKLIN

The Jews In Canada

BY HARRY RASKY

The Strange Cult Of Elvis Presley

BY HELEN MCNAMARA

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Westcoast's McMahon: Page 15

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CANADA MINK

THE FRONT PAGE

- **Ottawa's Best Advertisement**
- **Trouble on the Streetcars**
- **Soviet's Disarming Manoeuvres**
- **What Happened to the Gas Issue**

Cricket, Anyone?

Thoughts from the pipeline debate:

Most of those who professed to be shocked by the rowdiness of the Commons during the debate were complaining not so long ago about the numbing dullness of Parliament. What they want at Ottawa, apparently, is quiet excitement, a sort of verbal cricket game. What they should be doing is shouting encouragement to the contestants. One such debate per session would do more to get people interested in politics than all the get-out-the-vote campaigns ever devised.

The troubles of both the Speaker and his Deputy have emphasized the grave weakness of the Canadian method of filling this job. The post of Speaker should not change hands with every election and should not be just a stepping stone to some other political position. As in the British Parliament, the Speaker should be freed from close party affiliations by giving his job some permanence and making his re-election almost automatic.

The Canadian voter is probably less alarmed at the prospect of a U.S. dollar invasion that the opponents of the pipeline would like him to be. A sound pragmatist, he won't worry much about whether Canadian or American investors reap the profits so long as he draws the benefits.

Cars and Bodies

THERE IS nothing a public transit official hates more than an automobile—when it is driven by somebody else. The other day the Canadian Transit Association met in Quebec City, and those who attended made it quite clear that if they had their way cars would be banned from most city streets.

Logic is on the side of the transit men. Streetcars and buses are more efficient means of moving large numbers of people from one point to another within a city; they waste much less road and carriage space than do the private cars; they save passengers money and worry. Why, then, are the public systems in constant difficulty? There is no simple answer, but there is no doubt that the transit men have added tremendously to their own problems by their stiff-necked attitude towards their customers; to them, all too often, passengers are only bodies to be packed into vehicles at certain spots and times. Comfort, convenience, public relations and development of future business are, in most cases, ignored.

For years the Toronto transit system was held up as the shining example of successful and efficient operation. Now it is in deep difficulties. The more the city grows, the more arbitrary becomes the conduct of the TTC—and the more cars clog the already overburdened streets. Its public relations are atrocious. For example, posters deriding motorists caught in traffic jams are displayed in subway trains, where they are read by passengers jammed in so tightly that they can barely twitch an eyebrow. At least the motorist is comfortable.

The technical problems of such a system as the TTC are undoubtedly intricate, but no solution will be found in attempts to force people, willy nilly, to use the streetcars and buses. In the competition with the automobiles, some thought at least should be given the reasons why the automobile is being used.

Russian troops in Moscow's Red Square: What's a million?

Disarmament

NEXT week the UN Disarmament Commission will meet in New York to review the results of the talks held in London six weeks ago. The Russians will go into the talks with the smug knowledge that they have scored another propaganda hit, this time with their announcement that Soviet armed forces are to be cut by 1.2 million men within the next year.

Britain and the United States have both reduced their forces since 1953. In that year, the U.S. had 3.5 million men in uniform; now it has 2.8 million. Last year the UK cut its strength by 50,000 men, is now planning another reduction of 22,000 and is thinking about ending conscription by 1958. But neither country pretended that the reductions were anything but adjustments to new concepts of military strategy. The Russian cuts, on the other hand, are described by Communist propagandists as moves towards disarmament.

They're nothing of the sort, of course. The Soviet Union can demobilize a million men and still have the biggest military force in the world. In fact, it will probably be stronger for the demobilization — it needs workers in its factories and fields more than it needs soldiers idling on garrison duty. At the same time, its "move to disarmament" comes at a time of re-

laxing tension in the West, when popular pressures in some Western countries might force new reductions in military spending and when a strong trend towards neutralism is evident in Europe.

To keep the record straight, however, let's look back over the past decade's history of disarmament negotiations. Beginning in 1946, when the U.S. had the A-bomb and the Russians didn't, the Soviet position was that atomic and conventional weapons could not be separated; there should be disarmament across the board. The statesmen of the West disagreed until 1951, when they finally accepted the Soviet argument as a basis for further discussion. Then in 1952, the U.S. proposed that a limit be put on armed forces, with the U.S., the Soviet and Red China permitted a maximum of 1.5 million men apiece. It was rejected by the Russians, revived by Britain and France in 1955 and then accepted by the Soviet, now in possession of a full complement of atomic weapons. This time the Americans, wary of more Communist-organized "brush" wars, objected. And now the Russians have completely reversed their 1946 position; they see no reason why atomic and non-atomic weapons should be linked in disarmament.

In brief, shielded by satellite states and their armies, possessing both nuclear weapons and a huge military force that can operate from a central land mass, the Russians are now intent on forcing a manpower reduction on the West. By doing so, they ease their own burden, retain their numerical superiority, and make gains in the propaganda war. The United States in particular will lose ground if no adequate counter to the latest Russian move is made at next week's meeting in New York.

Cold War Comforts

A CORRESPONDENT just back from work on a DEW Line project reports that he is still somewhat bemused by his experiences. Within a few hundred miles of the North Pole, he lived comfortably in steam-heated buildings, ate prodigiously of such foods as fresh lobster, roast turkey and fried chicken, listened to the programs of a Russian broadcaster who was greatly concerned with the hardships being endured by the DEW workers, and studied the habits of the Eskimos. Just before he left, the latter posted a notice in the operations building at the landing strip: "All Pilots — asked not to buzz whaler fishing camps as it frightening the whale away."

Gassy Confusion

WHEN Conservative leader George Drew challenged Prime Minister St. Laurent to call a general election on the pipeline issue, he may have honestly thought that, had the PM accepted the dare, his party would have been able to make substantial gains, perhaps enough to end the long Liberal reign in Ottawa. But to dispassionate onlookers, it appeared to be more of a gesture than anything else. Certainly in the late stages of the pipeline debate it must have been obvious even to Mr. Drew that the powerful political ammunition handed the Opposition by the Government early in May had been considerably dampened during the weeks that followed—and it was the mishandling by the Opposition that was to blame. By June 1, the pipeline was not nearly so attractive an issue for an election.

On the question of the pipeline itself, the Opposition did not: seriously question the argument that the project should be started this year; demonstrate that there

George Drew: Confusion compounded.

was a practical alternative to the Government's plan which would assure an early start on the work; prove with logic instead of invective that the plan was a sell-out to Americans; give proper recognition to the fact that provincial governments, particulary those involved in the plan, were making no outcry against it.

Then when the Government very clumsily resorted to the device of closure, the Opposition proceeded to demonstrate why something like closure is necessary even in a democratic parliament. Conservatives and Socialists turned the debate into a series of procedural wrangles. It was deliberate delay. The executive power of a Government can be completely frustrated in such fashion.

The net result of the squabbling, apart from making the House of Commons a livelier and more interesting place than it has been for many years, was the burial of the central issue under a great mass of confusion. The man-in-the-street has been pretty thoroughly muddled by now, even though he might have had some definite ideas about the pipeline a month ago. If he is still perplexed by the time the general election is held, he'll vote (if he votes at all) on the simple issues—the state of his pay cheque, the size of the grocery bill, the condition of his industry.

The election could come late this autumn or (more likely) early next summer. Mr. Drew has a big job of simplification to do if his party is to profit from the pipeline shenanigans.

Target Practice

FOLLOWING on the announcement by Khrushchev that the Soviet Union is about ready with a guided hydrogen missile, Dr. Theodore von Karman of Paris, who has done some work on guided missiles, has assured the West that push-button war is not "feasible". It is impossible, he says, to construct a trans-oceanic rocket that will fall accurately on any given military target. This would be heartening if we didn't remember that in this age anything is regarded as feasible, and pin-point accuracy is not always necessary. In fact, it's the inaccuracy and the feasibility that worry us. Where is the virtue of deadly aim when a few hundred missiles can hit the target of mankind? Dr. von Karman means well, no doubt, but there can be no real assurance until the use of hydrogen missiles is regarded by all statesmen as totally and finally unfeasible.

Contaminated Canadians

CANADIAN busybodies have recently made several attempts to get beer advertising off U.S. television stations close to the Canadian border. Some clergymen travelled to Buffalo to try to persuade station operators there to stop corrupting Canadian morals, and Stanley Knowles, CCF member of Parliament, protested persistently enough to push the Department of External Affairs into making some very, very diplomatic queries about the matter. The clergymen should have stayed at home and the able Mr. Knowles turned his considerable talents to more substantial problems. It's none of their business how the Americans run their radio and television stations.

The Americans may settle the matter themselves. The U.S. Congress has before it a bill that would ban all liquor advertising in inter-state commerce. But no matter how Congress acts, or what voluntary action the American broadcasters may take, the Canadian critics would be serving their congregations and their constituents better if they gave some thought to the cause of what they consider a menace.

If few Canadians watched the American stations, even prohibitionists would have no cause for alarm. But the sad fact is that where there is a choice, many more Canadians prefer the American stations to the local outlets. Let the opponents of beer advertising ponder why this is so.

Militia soldiers of armor, infantry and artillery at summer camp training.

Do We Still Need The Militia?

by Major-General W. H. S. Macklin, CBE, CD.

THIS IS THE SEASON when the Canadian Militia goes off on its annual visit to the army's training camps across Canada. The careful searcher will find elements of it in such places as Sarcee and Dundurn, Shilo, Camp Borden, Petawawa and Gagetown. But he will need to look closely, because again this year, as formerly, the Militia is going to camp in a state of chronic emaciation.

Renowned infantry regiments, whose war establishment is around nine hundred all ranks or more, will be found training at strengths of a hundred and fifty or so. Smaller units like batteries of artillery will be trying to get along with two or three dozen of officers and men. Lots of units won't be there at all; they simply haven't got enough men who are free to go.

For the Militia is, indeed, woefully weak. As at March 31 this year it mustered so-called "effectives" amounting to some 7,200 officers and 34,000 men, plus 3,000 cadets in the COTC, or about 44,000 in all. This is less than it boasted in 1939 after twenty solid years of neglect and financial starvation, and at a time when Canada's population was five million less than it now is.

Let nobody imagine that all of the 44,000 are in the training camps, or on their way there. In all its history the Militia has never been able to send more than a fraction of its total strength to camp in the summer.

In no other country in NATO (except Iceland), and certainly in no country in the Russian Empire, is there such a completely insignificant percentage of the national manpower undergoing military training in 1956. Yet most Canadians seem completely unconcerned over this state of affairs, and the question is, are they right? Is the Militia really of any value or should it simply be abolished?

It has been of inestimable value in the past. In 1914, in spite of the shocking treatment it got from Sir Sam Hughes, it produced the bulk of the early contingents of the Expeditionary Force. As for the Second World War, the Official History says: "It would be difficult indeed to over-estimate the debt of the wartime army to the . . . Militia. It provided the foundation upon which the great new structure was built. It produced, to no small extent, the leaders who built and developed that structure." There is more to the same effect; a lot more, but let us not stand sentimentally looking only at the record of the past. What use is the Militia now, and of what use is it likely to be in a new world war?

Of course, among the people favoring its abolition are many to whom the wish is father to the thought. Ignoring the facts of life, they regard the army not as their guardian but as a potential instrument of oppression and tyranny. For some of them "Canadian Army" spells "conscription", and for others "militarism". Instead of being recognized as a symptom of the unhealthy warlike propensities of human society, the army has been declared from many a pulpit, classroom and editorial sanctum to be the veritable disease itself.

Signal corps at work.

Others, with no prejudice against the Militia *per se*, and no motives except to promote the economical efficiency of our defences, find themselves inevitably influenced by the incessant and persuasive propaganda of those vested interests that tell us that armies are no longer dominant or even important in war; that the super weapons, carried now by aircraft, and some day by guided missiles, have made them obsolescent, or quite obsolete.

This concept of the all-air-power nature of war is not new. It was confidently and loudly asserted before the Second World War, to such effect that the army was widely looked upon as the Cinderella of the Services, and the infantry was generally regarded as an arm with a dreary past and no future at all. It did not turn out that way.

From the start to the finish of the three-year Korean war the United States army suffered from a shortage of trained divisions, and had to resort to a most unsatisfactory method of man-for-man reinforcement, damaging to morale and efficiency. While that war lasted, the Canadian army was strained to its limit to relieve its brigades in Korea and Germany once every twelve-month.

For a decade the French army has been sorely overstretched, with wars in Indo-China and North Africa. As for the British army, since the end of the Second World War there have been elements of it in Palestine, Egypt, Sudan, Malaya, Kenya, Korea, Honduras, Guiana and

Cyprus. In every one of these areas the British soldier has either been fighting an out-and-out war, or he has been dealing with riot or insurrection, real or apprehended.

This being the recent record of history the soldier may be pardoned if at times he grows faintly wearied, or even irritated, by the pontifical pronouncements of the push-button warriors, with their air of infallibility.

The air-power extremists continue to base their theories upon the hypothetical concept of an all-thermonuclear war, and upon nothing else. "What," they iterate monotonously, "do armies, or navies either, signify in the age of the inter-continental bomber, armed with a device that can reduce any city on earth to a radioactive dust cloud in a split second?" And many a puzzled layman, impressed by the staggering, frightful power of the H-bomb, echoes "What?"

We have to ask ourselves, therefore, what might happen if the Western powers all abolished their armies entirely and the only possible aggressors kept their army in being. The answer is that, if the aggressors then set their army in motion towards their chosen objectives, and without using their super weapons at all, we should have the choice of accepting defeat by default, or of ourselves initiating a full-scale two-way nuclear war of mutual mass destruction.

We had better not delude ourselves that, if such a war does start, whether our side drops the first H-bomb or the other fellow does it, we can escape the consequences. The billions of dollars that we and the Americans have sunk, and are sinking, in the colossal air defence system we are building will not save us.

During a recent tour of the DEW line by a party of press men it began to be said that the real function of this gigantic installation is not to preserve our cities, but to give the U.S. Strategic Air Force time to get into the air, so it won't be vaporized on the ground. There is better authority for this pessimistic view than the press; there is the government White Paper, issued for the year 1955-56 by the Hon. Ralph Campney, Minister of National Defence, which says: "For North America the possibility appears for the first time of an attack that could cripple the military and industrial potential of Canada and the United States. Should we ever be attacked with thermonuclear weapons it is plain that our immediate problem would be national survival. Everyone not directly involved in an urgent military role would immediately be caught up in the problems of rescue, rehabilitation and the maintenance of essential services."

If the costly air defence system of North America leaves us wide open to the total catastrophe thus envisaged in the government's own words, what is the sense of creating it? For note again the word is "cripple", and the problem is "national survival".

So, I reach the conclusion that it is not the Militia which is obsolete. If another war comes we shall need our army, and need it instantly and desperately. We shall need an army long after the last inter-continental bomber and the last jet interceptor have been melted down for scrap. These, and not armies, are the obsolescent elements of our defence forces; they will be replaced by the guided missile, as our scientists all assure us.

In Canada the public has had small opportunity to judge this vital question on its merits because, regardless of whether it is inherently valid or inherently rotten, the all-air concept of war has

General Macklin's last appointment of a long and distinguished career was that of Adjutant-General of the Army.

appeared to the Canadian government as a godsend, providing a ready excuse for failing in the paramount duty of organizing the national manpower for defence.

With the public, not unnaturally, the increasing emphasis placed by government on the dominance of air power as an entity quite separate from, and independent of other forms of military strength, has been popular. They believe it relieves them, all of them except a few professionals, of the necessity of making any personal contribution whatever to the defence of their homeland, other than paying taxes.

From the Olympian heights of government come no warnings about the state of the Canadian Militia, only oracular pronouncements of a soothing nature, or occasional drivelling statements from anonymous "spokesmen" of the Defence Department assuring us that things are not nearly as bad as the former Chief of the General Staff, Lieutenant General Guy Simonds has been saying they are.

The Militia has been in its present parlous state pretty well since the end of the Second World War, in spite of the gigantic, loyal and earnest effort devoted to it by thousands of its commissioned and non-commissioned officers, as well as by the Regular Army. It has been organized and reorganized, and tinkered with times without number in an effort to get some more human flesh on to its skeleton. The Department has spent large sums advertising it in the press and by radio.

Defence Ministers have been reminded often enough by their military advisers that if they really want a more effective Militia, one of the things that have to be done is to broaden the base of government support for it to include all senior members of cabinet. Yet I cannot recall one single instance in the past ten years of a cabinet minister, other than the Minister of Defence, making any appeal to the public whatsoever in that behalf.

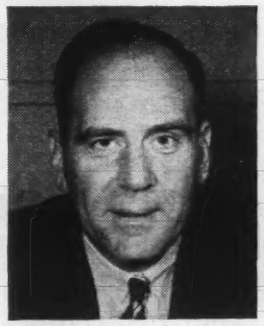
The reason is not far to seek. Behind an enlarged and better trained Militia, so ministers think, lurks the gibbering spectre of compulsion. In our politics, over the last forty years, the army has been in the very centre, and the unwitting cause, of the bitterest political disputes that have rocked this country since Confederation, in 1917 and again in 1944. Thus it comes that politicians are so willing to listen to the dulcet tones of those who say armies are about to pass into limbo.

Overly smart journalists and politicians have been fond of remarking that soldiers' minds move slowly, and in accustomed grooves, and that they normally think in terms of the war before the last. In Canada, however, we can say with assurance that it is not the soldiers but the statesmen who are afflicted in that way. Their attitude is reminiscent of a remark Lloyd George once made about Eamon de Valera: "I talked to him for two hours and he never got past Oliver Cromwell". Our political leaders have never got past 1917.

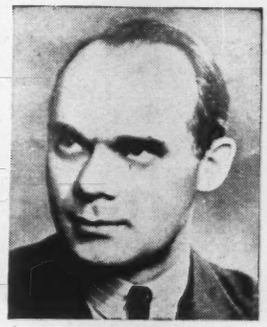
There has been much talk of the "science of war", and many think that war is now dominated by the scientist. But war is not a science, nor is it an art, though it partakes of the nature of both. War is a social phenomenon, a struggle between human beings. A new world war may start with a wholesale destruction by hydrogen bombs, but even if it does, I think it will end, as in the past, when the infantry soldier of the victor stands on the soil of the loser.

Our Militia, therefore, is not obsolete; it is merely neglected by government and public. As long as the world remains in its present state we shall need our army, the very best, most modern army we can devise, and the Militia is a part of it. There is no cheap or easy substitute.

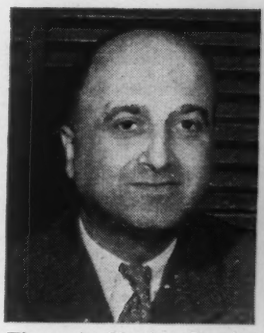
Writer Lionel Shapiro, Gov. General's award.



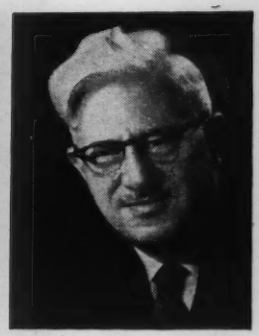
Deputy Minister D. A. Golden, Defence Prod.



Economist Louis Rasminsky, Bank of Canada.



Finance's Charles Gavsie serves Seaway Authority.



Mayor Nathan Phillips, second term in Toronto.

Rabbi Abraham Feinberg, religious leader, in Synagogue.

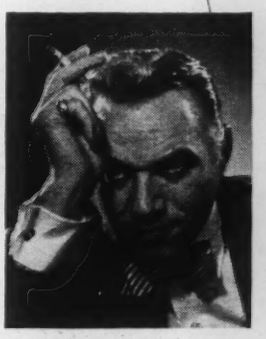
Jewish Canadians In Many Fields

Canada's 230,000 Jews live in every province. They have produced leading writers, actors and doctors. Several are experts in law, economics and government. Many are tops in the field of entertainment.

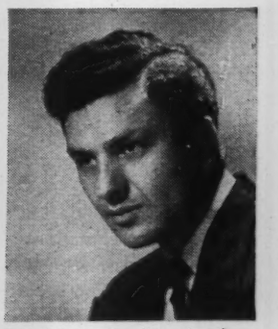
Lawyer Lazarus Phillips, Director, Royal Bank.

Distiller Samuel Bronfman, Jewish Congress.

Comics Wayne and Shuster, top entertainers.

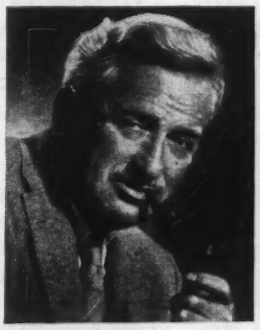


Actor Lorne Greene now is internationally famous.

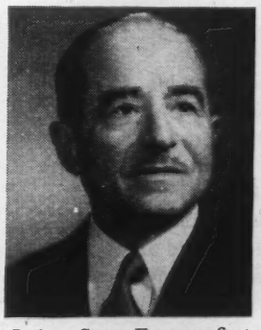


Musician Louis Applebaum, Stratford Festival.

Mr. Justice Harry Batshaw, Sup. Court, Que.



Senator David Croll, Canadian elder statesman.



Judge Sam Factor, first Toronto Jewish MP.

MP Leon Crestohl represents Montreal-Cartier.

Athlete - writer Bobbie Rosenfield, Olympic star.

Torah: Scrolls of the Law.

The Jews in Canada

Canadian Jews won equal rights 124 years ago this month but they are still finding that prejudice bars them from many jobs, schools, clubs, and even some hospitals.

by Harry Rasky

IT WAS 124 years ago this month (June 5, 1832), after a debate far more bitter and prolonged than the one centring on the current pipeline question, that Canada's first civil liberties case was fought and won—Canadian Jews were given equal rights.

In 1808, Ezekiel Hart, a native-born Canadian of the Jewish faith, had been elected to the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada as the representative of Three Rivers, Quebec. But his fellow parliamentarians refused him membership on the grounds "that Ezekiel Hart, Esquire, professing the Jewish religion cannot take a seat, nor sit, nor vote, in this House". A year later the stubborn French-Canadian voters re-elected him, but the French-Canadian politicians again refused his admission. Not until 24 years later was the injustice corrected and the Bill of Rights of the Jews of Canada passed, declaring them to be "entitled to the full rights and privileges of the other subjects of His Majesty".

Today, 124 years later, when more than half of the Canadian Jewish population is native born, with Jews in every province, in almost every profession, there's an opportunity to glance briefly at the position of Jews in Canada. Certain questions can be asked, and answers attempted.

Well, exactly what is a Jew?

Should you put the question to any of the 230,000 Canadians who happen to be Jewish, almost each one would give you a different answer. Being a Jew is many things. Of course, it means worshipping God in an individual way, in a synagogue rather than a church (although some Jews never enter a synagogue). It means certain joys—a feeling of belonging to a culture that dates back to Biblical times, which provided the world with the Ten Commandments as a precise, unbeatable code of ethics; certain foods, like the distinctive hard-boiled bagel; memories, based largely on the close-knit, warm, family childhood that was "different" from others; and even jokes, most frequently told about other Jews. It means certain problems—knowing that certain clubs, schools and jobs are closed to you without question, "not because of anything personal, mind you," but because of your being Jewish; trying to fit into the community, which at the same time tells you "you are the same as anyone else", but acts in a manner to let you know "you are different".

Recently an American writer offered this definition: a Jew is a member of a historical community held together by common memories, religious tradition and external pressure.

When did the Jews first come to Canada?

The man of prejudice who cries "Canada for Canadians . . . darn foreigners . . . etc." might do well to study his early Canadian history. There were Jews in the Northwest Territories more than two hundred years ago — Ferdinande Jacobs was a Hudson's Bay factor in 1732. The French de Levy family, which played an important part in the history of the then New France was apparently of Jewish descent—Henri de Levy, duc de Ventadour, was viceroy of Canada in the early part of the seventeenth century, and General Chevalier de Levis, one of his descendants, was Montcalm's successor. In fact, when France began to colonize Canada, she was assisted by Jewish capital, supplied by the banking family of Gradis, the founders in 1748 of the "Society of Canada".

But is was when the English came to Canada that permanent Jewish settlements began. Aaron Hart—father of Ezekiel Hart—was an officer in the British army that captured Montreal on September 8, 1760. Another Jew, Sir Alexander Schomberg, was in command of the *Diana* during the British naval operations against Quebec.

The first Jewish congregation was established in 1768 in Montreal, and named

Geographical Distribution in Canada: 1951

Province	*Jews*	*All Origins*	*Percentage Distribution* *Jews*	*All Origins*	*Ratio of Jews to Total Population*
Ontario	**85,467**	**4,597,542**	**41.72**	**32.82**	**1.86**
Quebec	**82,701**	**4,055,681**	**41.37**	**28.95**	**2.04**
Manitoba	**19,282**	**776,541**	**9.41**	**5.54**	**2.48**
British Columbia	**5,969**	**1,166,210**	**2.91**	**8.32**	**0.51**
Alberta	**4,626**	**939,501**	**2.26**	**6.71**	**0.49**
Saskatchewan	**3,017**	**831,728**	**1.48**	**5.94**	**0.36**
Nova Scotia	**2,201**	**642,584**	**1.07**	**4.59**	**0.34**
New Brunswick	**1,269**	**515,697**	**0.62**	**3.68**	**0.25**
Newfoundland	**264**	**361,416**	**0.13**	**2.58**	**0.07**
Prince Edward Is.	**26**	**98,429**	**0.02**	**0.70**	**0.03**
Yukon and N.W. Territories	**14**	**25,100**	**0.01**	**0.17**	**0.06**
Total, Canada	**204,836**	**14,009,429**	**100.00**	**100.00**	**1.46**

Occupational Groups: 1951

	All Origins	*Jews*
Trade	9.2%	32.5%
Manufacturing	18.8	28.5
Clerical	10.4	13.1
Professions	6.7	8.6
Service	11.1	5.9
Transportation	9.5	2.6
Construction	6.2	2.3
Unskilled labor	6.2	1.5
Insurance & finance	0.9	1.5
Agriculture	16.0	0.5
Mining, logging & fishing	3.8	0.1
Others	1.2	2.9
Total	100.0%	100.0%

Shearith Israel. There were Jews in Halifax in 1751, as evidenced by the fact that there was a consecrated Jewish cemetery in that city at that time. When the discovery of gold on the Fraser and Thompson Rivers started the gold rush in 1849, there were Jews among those who searched for fortune. And just a hundred years ago a room was fitted up as a place of worship over Mr. Coomb's Drug Store at the corner of Richmond and Yonge Streets in Toronto—later to become the Holy Blossom Temple.

But the important immigration of Jews to Canada took place at the end of the 19th and beginning of the 20th century. The assassination of Czar Alexander II on March 13, 1881, provided the Russian government with an excuse for launching progroms. Severe anti-semitic laws followed in Austria, Rumania and Poland. Jews flooded into North America, mostly to the US, but some to Canada. Since most of them were incredibly poor—40 per cent arrived with less than $30—and had families to support, they took whatever jobs were available. Many entered the needle trades, which did not have strict apprenticeship requirements. Toiling in the sweat shops of Toronto and Montreal, the immigrant Jews pinched pennies and saved them to send their children to college and rose faster in the economic strata than any other group.

Where do Canadian Jews live and what do they do?

Because most Jews were not entitled to own land in Eastern Europe, they lived largely in the towns and cities, with little knowledge of farm life. When they arrived in Canada, the Jews tended to retain their urban status, although successful farm settlements were founded at such places as Wapella, Oxbow and Hoffer. Today there are Jews in every province, in the Yukon and Northwest Territories, and in almost every one of the 195 cities and towns of more than 5,000 inhabitants.

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Over 50 per cent of Canada's Jews are in trade or manufacturing. Less than ten per cent are in professions, mostly lawyers, doctors or dentists. Few are engineers because Jews found long ago there was strong prejudice against them.

If you wanted to generalize—and almost any generalization about Jews has exceptions—most tend to be self-employed, to avoid the chance of discrimination. But the notion that Jews dominate or control the Canadian or American economy in any way is one of the greatest myths of our time. A survey by *Fortune* magazine proved that Jewish influence in banking, stock markets, and insurance companies is negligible. And in heavy industry it's almost non-existent.

What makes Jews different from other Canadians?

It would be safe to say that every Jew, at some point in his life, has felt the impact of anti-semitism, either large or small. At some time, he has been called "a dirty Jew" or has felt the puzzling prejudice of exclusion, either from a social club or hotel.

But he is different in other ways. Statistics show that divorce, alcoholism, illegitimacy, juvenile delinquency, and crime generally are lower than among other ethnic groups. Some explain this fact by pointing out that a Jew must face an angry Jewish community if he "goes wrong", even before he receives just punishment from society as a whole.

Statistics show, too, that Jews give to charity as no other ethnic group does. In fact, for some philanthrophy is confused with religion.

Do Jews have a dual loyalty, to Canada and Israel?

Most Canadian Jews are notoriously nationalistic. Canada is their home land, but Israel is their holy land. As evidence, since Israel became a state the number of Canadians who have gone to live there is negligible. The fact that Israel is a Jewish state, if anything, makes them better Canadians. It gives them a feeling of having a place "they came from", but not a place they "are going to". They have an overpowering urge "to be like anyone else".

There's this to be added: no Jew will allow himself to forget that six million Jews were wiped out in Hitler's "answer to the Jewish problem", and he feels a powerful urge to be sure homeless Jews will always have some place to go. But sometimes the sentimental force that causes Canadian Jews to support Israel, becomes a blinding power—and they will not see the "other side" of the story.

What is the status of anti-semitism in Canada?

External anti-semitism is hard to find.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

An ex-truck driver, who beats a guitar with savage ferocity and sings with a frenzied abandon that has little relation to music, has adolescents in a swither and their parents in a sweat.

Strange Cult of Elvis Presley

by Helen McNamara

Presley: Earthy, lusty.

ONCE MORE North American adolescents have an idol. His name is Elvis Presley. And once more the parents of the teen-agers are bewildered by it all.

At a Presley concert in San Diego, city police and a detachment of Navy shore patrol were called out to quell an audience of 5,000 squealing youngsters. In Halifax, a radio station banned his recordings because they didn't come up to the station's standards.

Two years ago, Presley was earning $35 a week as a truck driver in Memphis. Last month he picked up $16,000 for one week's singing at a night club.

With his records selling at the rate of 50,000 a day in the United States and at a corresponding rate in Canada, Presley is the current phenomenon of the hit-parade world. His records have gone straight to the top in three categories: popular, country and western, and rock 'n' roll.

Neither he nor his followers can explain his popularity, although he is not the first performer to arouse similar audience reactions. In the late thirties Benny Goodman had youngsters dancing in the aisles of theatres. In the early forties Frank Sinatra draped himself around a microphone and adolescents swooned. Frankie Laine's booming voice did the trick in the late forties and Johnny Ray cried with equally devastating results.

There'll always be a musical personality to play the Pied Piper, but this time Piper Presley has proved thoroughly bewildering to the adult public. As one baffled man said when he first saw Presley on the Dorsey Brothers' TV Stage Show: "I thought it was all a horrible mistake". Like most adults, he instantly disliked Presley's agonized style of singing, his strutting and almost sexual contortions.

Most teen-agers, and especially the girls, take an opposite attitude. They admire Presley's husky six-foot two-inch frame, his babyish, sulky face with the long sideburns. His rather raffish appearance and his youth (he's just 21, which makes him almost one of them) could be two of the reasons for his popularity. He is often described by frantic females as "a living doll".

Aside from his physical attractions, however, it is Presley's singing, halfway between a western and a rock 'n' roll style, that has sent teen-agers into a trance.

They like his wailing in a popular song like "Blue Moon" or such western tunes as "I'll Never Let You Go". But they go crazy over the earthy, lusty mood of such rock 'n' roll numbers as "Money Honey". The reason is simple enough: Presley sings with a beat.

It is the beat that predominates in today's hit parade recordings, most noticeably in the rock 'n' roll and western tunes —two fields, incidentally, which are rapidly merging. The instrumentalists may be poor and the voices inferior, but throughout each record, a strong, infectious rhythm predominates—to such an extent that youngsters are now once more beginning to dance.

Today, the rock 'n' roll exponents are giving new life to popular music that for too long has been bogged down with gimmicks. Since the mid-forties, record companies have flooded the market with "trick" records: multiple voicings, echo chambers, noisy vocal quartets. They caught the interest, but not for long.

When the first rock 'n' roll records came along the teen-agers took them to their hearts. For the first time in years they discovered they could do more than just sit and listen to records. Now they could dance to them.

Not that rock 'n' roll is any better musically than the gimmick records. Most rock 'n' roll tunes sound alike. There's a monotonous use of vocal and instrumental combinations, and not even the all-powerful beat can make up for the shortcomings of lyrics and melodies. But these records do make the listeners want to dance.

As a result, youngsters have become almost vehement in their defence of rock 'n' roll—and Elvis Presley. Aside from their perennial cry that this music "is new and different", invariably they say, "It's got a beat".

What they don't understand is that Presley's style of singing, especially on up-tempo tunes like "Money Honey", "Tutti Frutti" or "Blue Suede Shoes", is as old as the music of America. It goes back to the days of the first blues singers, the rhythm of the ragtime pianists and the marching bands of New Orleans in the early part of this century.

North Americans have been among the last to recognize the vitality of America's music—a music that has throbbed with rhythm since the days of the blues shouters, the time of the boogie woogie pianists, through the swing and bop eras, right up to today's "introspective" jazz.

Maybe that's why Presley himself can't explain why his music is "different". He did give a revealing glimpse of himself

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"Ah arrived at my style accidentally," he said. "Ah don't know how it happened. But Ah know Ah've listened to religious spirituals all my life. When Ah was a kid Ah would have had the radio on for 24 hours a day if Ah could."

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Northern groups added honking tenor saxophones, used more sophisticated types of singers. Gradually the records began to appear on disc jockey shows. Teen-agers became aware of the "new" music. Their purchase of recordings made by rock 'n' roll artists hurtled them into the hit parade. The transition had been made.

What is significant about this movement is the fact that radio and records, rather than TV, sent Presley and his ilk to the top. While adult members of families stayed glued to their TV sets, the young ones were listening to their radios.

An 18-year-old girl told me why. "Teen-agers have tired of TV," she said. "They are going back to radio and records where they get the music they want when they want it."

It's not surprising that parents recoiled with dismay when they first saw Presley on TV. He was completely beyond their understanding, and they reacted accordingly. As a result, teen-agers now look upon Presley as something more than just an entertainer. Adults obviously don't want any part of him, so Presley becomes something special in the young people's eyes. They belong, as it were, to an extraordinarily exclusive club. They will defend him to the end. Well, nearly to the end.

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Mr. and Mrs. Francis Patrick McMahon of Calgary.

PERSONA GRATA

Pipeline in Peace

by Andrew Snaddon

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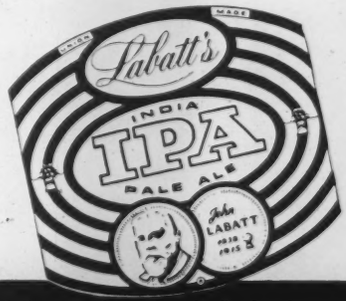

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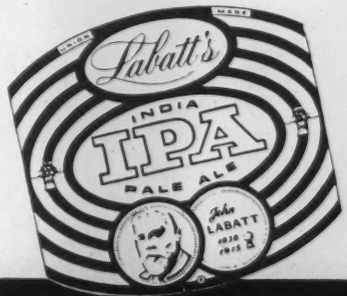

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thing, and he's always looking for something else to do".

The 21-year-old went in with a diamond driller at Kimberley in 1923, in the hard rock mining business. For a time the company did some work in the United States and he helped build the Bay bridge in San Francisco.

In 1927 he came back to Canada and started his own drilling company. When the 1929 crash came he closed down.

A man named C. S. Shippy, builder of what was then the longest natural gas pipeline, the Missouri-Kansas Line, came to Vancouver and with his own money began looking for natural gas in the Boundary Bay district near Vancouver. He had an idea, one that the McMahons should bring into reality in 1957, of gas for the Pacific Northwest. Most of the wells were shallow, up to 1,200 feet, and one did come in—a small one on Lulu Island. Shippy finally gave up.

Frank McMahon was now in the gas and oil business. He returned to his home area, south-eastern BC. At one time he was drilling in a gulch just one valley west of the Pincher Creek field, which is now one of the major wet gas finds. In this depression-times operation he was doing his own diamond-setting on the drills, and he can claim knowledge of the gas business from the rig to the front office. There were traces of oil, but no success.

Then in 1936, a big year in Turner Valley, the McMahons transferred their operations to Alberta, operating West Turner Petroleums, and brought in a good well. They formed another company and then merged with British Pacific to form Pacific Petroleums, and "Pacific Pete" has been a name to watch on the brokers' lists ever since.

The war years were not spectacular, but in 1947 Atlantic Oil was formed and the then high sum of $200,000 was paid for a lease of 160 acres at Leduc. This company also had Atlantic No. 3, which went wild and flamed its way on to front pages as the Canadian oil boom's "wildest" wild well. Pacific Petroleums took a controlling interest and moved into the Redwater field where the company now has 78 wells.

The McMahon record was not one of unbroken successes. Drilling was started around the McMurray area on the theory that some of the oil from the famous tar sands (which have the greatest potential oil supply in the world) might have seeped into the Devonian south of the sands. It did not pay off. Only a few gas wells were found in return for $5 million spent.

By 1947, natural gas was beginning to interest promoters in its own right, rather than as incidental to oil production. McMahon still had the idea of reaching the Pacific Northwest market. Back in 1935, Dr. George Hume, the Dominion govern-

ment geologist, who has a thorough and first-hand knowledge of Alberta's oil and gas potential, had spoken highly of the Peace River area. The British Columbia Government had put a reserve on it in 1936, and drilled one unsuccessful well itself. In 1947 the reserve was lifted and McMahon moved in.

About this time the jockeying for position to export Alberta gas started before the provincial Gas and Conservation Board, which held hearings in Calgary's court house. There was a move to take gas from Pincher Creek and other southern fields across through Trail, BC, down to Spokane with a branch to Portland and another to Vancouver. McMahon argued that this area should be served by a line from the Peace through BC to the border developing this area and with Vancouver and the Lower Mainland first on the line instead of at the end of it. The Southern Alberta gas fields would be better used for markets east and south of Alberta. He formed a company, Westcoast Transmission Incorporated, in the U.S. to handle gas distribution in the United States.

There were some representations on behalf of Alberta centres and utilities and the hearings were lengthy as expert after expert offered testimony, a good deal of it contradictory.

The U.S. Federal Power Commission finally blocked the McMahon plan, as far as the U.S. was concerned. It was not until December, 1954, that a deal was made to supply the gas at the border to El Paso Natural Gas. Originally planned as a 24-inch line, it is now planned as a 30-inch line with a capacity of 660 million cubic feet a day, the bulk of which will go to the U.S., but potential markets in BC have increased far more than was expected. About 80 per cent of the line is expected to be completed this year and the rest early next year. Control of the project and Pacific Petroleums still lies with McMahon and other Canadians.

Outside of gas and oil circles, Frank McMahon is not particularly well known, even in Calgary. A hard worker in a rapidly growing business, he has not taken an important role in Calgary's community life. Recently he has been out of town a good deal; hearings by the U.S. Federal Power Commission have been taking a lot of his time. His associates expect the sturdy, five-foot-nine, greying-haired McMahon to spend more time in Calgary, which he still calls home, in the future.

He has a home, complete with swimming pool, in Calgary, but it is not a mansion that would startle Hollywood. There was quite a ripple in the city when his daughter, Marion, was married in 1954.

Bridal attendants were flown to California for fittings, and the main ballroom of Calgary's Palliser Hotel was decorated by a mass effort of Calgary florists. It was a big and expensive wedding by Calgary standards, and the city rocked with rumors of lavish expenditures, which caused a lot of citizens to tut-tut and a lot more to turn out to peek. But even guests who went prepared to be critical later reported to interested audiences that it was a well-conducted affair and in good taste.

McMahon plays golf (in the eighties) and does a little hunting. He's also a partner in the Alberta Ranches stable with jockey Johnny Longden and others, and this venture is one of the biggest money-makers on the U.S. tracks. Some friends in New York got him interested in show business and like any speculator he's had money in some "dry holes" but also shrewdly came up with two big hits, *Plain and Fancy* and *The Pyjama Game*.

Two new office buildings are part of the McMahon empire in Calgary, one seven storeys and the other ten. Atop the taller one, Pacific Petroleum's headquarters, is a layout in the executive suite motif. At opposite corners there's an office for Frank and one for George, with large desks, and an outside walk which looks out over the foothills and the mountains. There's a guest bedroom for visitors, and a lounge complete with a log fire and kitchen.

When he's in Calgary it is estimated he eats lunch "in" about 75 per cent of the time.

He is also interested in Alberta Distillers, Northwest Nitro Chemicals and Dunsmuir Colleries. Estimates place the value of his business interests at more than $200 million.

An all-round athlete in his school days, he serves this year as a director of the newly-organized Stampeder Football Club, which is headed by millionaire contractor and former hockey great, "Red" Dutton.

Divorced from his first wife, he was married in April to former U.S. newspaper writer Betty Betz. One of his two sons was killed in a car accident.

McMahon's reasons for changing his mind about a plan to build an all-Canadian pipeline, or even for making the offer in the first place, will be debated for a long time to come in oil as well as political circles. The gas business is one with high returns for those who can get in and stay in. The moves are complicated and long range, and the competition is fierce, not only from others in the gas business, but from promoters of other fuels who have millions at stake as well. When this is mixed with politics, the result is bound to be intense, fast-dealing, and connections and motives are often obscure.

But it is pretty clear by now that Frank McMahon will continue to be a big man in a big business.

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Revived by a Whiff of Gas

by John A. Stevenson

THE LONG AND BITTER debate at Ottawa over the trancontinental pipeline for gas has undoubtedly produced one valuable result.

In recent years there has been a sad decay of the prestige of the Federal Parliament from a variety of causes. One was the lack in the personnel of Parliament of a substantial contingent of able and arresting personalities, whose speeches could stir the emotions and arouse nation-wide interest. Another was the overwhelming majority of the Liberal party in both houses, which not only bred Ministerial arrogance and a thinly disguised contempt for the rights of Parliament, but also enfeebled the attacks of the Opposition. A third was the tendency of a high scale of prosperity to keep the voters indifferent to what was happening in Ottawa.

So thousands of Canadian voters had formed the habit of regarding Parliament as an expensive and futile talking-shop, whose proceedings deserved only casual attention. But in the debate on the pipeline the House of Commons has been functioning for the first time for many a long day as the high court of the nation for the exhaustive discussion of a vital issue.

As a result of the recent improvement in the quality of debate, coupled with the sudden revival of closure, the Canadian public has discovered that the sessions of Parliament can be an interesting, vigorous and valuable forum. If this revival of interest in Parliament is not a flash in the pan, it may have a vitalizing effect upon our whole political life.

Ministers occasionally showed signs of writhing under some of the more vitriolic indictments of the Opposition, but their discomfort was only temporary. Indeed, in view of the formidable case which the Opposition has been able to make against a scheme, which on the surface looks like a dangerous gamble, the general cockiness of Ministers and their promptitude in resorting to the rarely used weapon of closure suggests that they have received secret assurances from Washington that the necessary permit for the import of Albertan gas into the United States will in due course be forthcoming.

The Federal Power Commission of the United States may be as genuinely an independent body as its Supreme Court, but it is also possible that a majority of its members may feel a duty to conform to the expressed wishes of the Eisenhower administration. If they were told that the granting of the export licence was desirable as a matter of high policy, they would order its issuance.

The 34-inch pipe, for which Trans-Canada Pipelines has contracted, is larger than would be needed if markets in Manitoba and Ontario were the only outlets available. If other markets are not secured, then the Government will certainly have to assume responsibility for the whole line; it surely would not run the risk of having to pay a high price for needlessly expensive equipment, unless it had some confidence that the acquisition of markets for the gas in the United States would avert this awkward contingency.

Carl Nickle: Political casualty.

In the controversy over the line, one of the great assets of the Government has been the endorsation of the plan by Premier Frost. When the latter says that Ontario is in urgent need of Alberta's gas to avert a serious shortage of power in his province, it will be extremely difficult for Mr. Drew to appeal for votes in Ontario in the next election on the ground that the Government's policy about the pipeline has been a calamitous blunder. Therefore it is quite natural for Mr. Drew and his friends to feel deeply aggrieved over Mr. Frost's partnership in the project, and they make no bones about branding him as a false and disloyal ingrate.

They point out that, when Mr. Drew moved into the Federal arena in 1948, his support was the determining factor in the choice of Mr. Frost as his successor in Ontario. Among his party there was strong support for the claims of Leslie Blackwell, QC, who had been a very good Attorney-General and is a more colorful figure than Mr. Frost. But on the ground that it was unadvisable to have two Torontonians as leaders of the Progressive Conservative party in Ontario, Mr. Drew rejected the claims of Mr. Blackwell and nominated as his successor Mr. Frost, a country lawyer from Lindsay.

In the last provincial election in Ontario, Farquhar Oliver, the provincial Liberal leader, got precious little support from the Federal machine. The allegation is freely made that Mr. Frost is now showing his gratitude to Mr. Howe for the restraining hand the latter held on the machine's activities, because he felt that Mr. Frost might be a useful ally. It is thought, too, that Mr. Frost, intent chiefly upon preserving his own ascendancy in the provincial sphere, is trying to keep the allegiance of the numerous Liberal voters who have been supporting him.

A tragic political casualty of the pipeline battle is Carl Nickle, who has been Progressive Conservative member for Calgary South since 1951. A director of several oil and gas companies and the publisher of the *Daily Oil Bulletin* and *Oil in Canada,* he is an authority upon problems relating to oil and gas.

At an earlier stage in the controversy he had been a vigorous and effective critic of Mr. Howe's original plan for the pipeline as an all-Canadian enterprise. When he emerged suddenly as a warm supporter of the latest scheme and a severe critic of his own party's attitude to it, he was a valuable ally for the Government. In his major speech on the subject he made some good debating points. A weakness of his position was exposed when Mr. Knowles moved that a vote just cast by Mr. Nickle should be disallowed on the ground that he had a financial interest in a company which stood to profit by the construction of the pipeline. Mr. Drew's opposition to this motion, which showed a generous spirit towards a deserter, induced Mr. Knowles to withdraw it. Mr. Nickle himself welcomed an investigation.

The decision of Mr. Nickle not to seek re-election deprives the Progressive Conservative party of one of the most promising recruits that it has secured in recent years. It is something of a tragedy that the political career of a rich young man of marked ability, who seemed destined for high office, should be cut short under any sort of a cloud.

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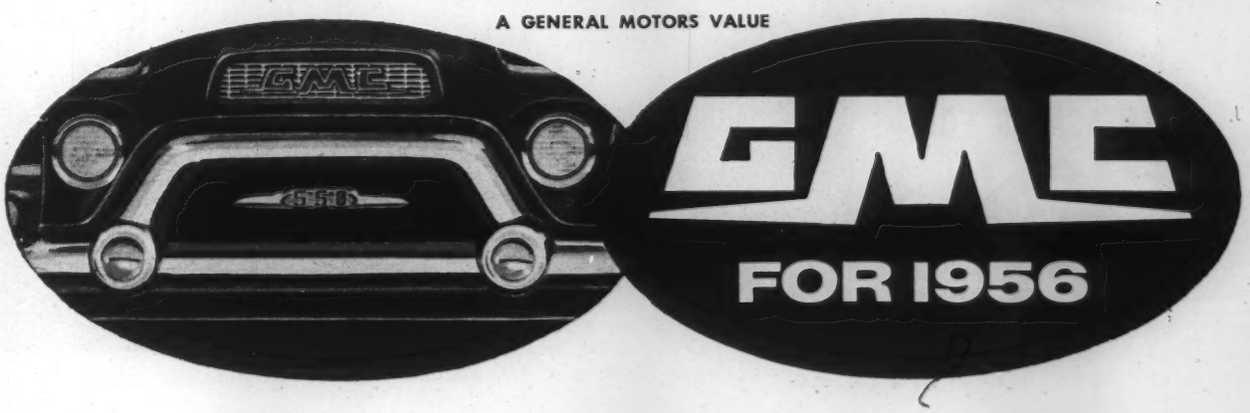

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Wider Still and Wider

by Mary Lowrey Ross

THE CURVED Todd-AO screen that is used to present *Oklahoma!* is 50 feet wide and 25 feet long, and the effect of scale and grandeur is impressive, even with no picture anywhere in sight. It is fairly staggering when you add pictures, Eastman color, stereoscopic depth, stereophonic sound, and close-ups on such a scale that it is almost like watching a curtain go up every time the heroine raises her eyelashes.

One might expect the original little rustic plot to be swallowed up entirely in such a vast maw of production. Nothing of the sort has happened, however. Instead, everything has been extended to Todd-AO scale. The people are huger, their voices are louder, their behavior is more wildly rustic than anything possible anywhere else on earth. The Todd-AO camera has gone over everything like a vast magnifying glass, so that the smallest detail joins in the general clamor for attention. The Oklahoma corn is at least twenty feet high. The farmhouse interiors fairly shout their authenticity, down to the last hand-crocheted antimacassar.

Gordon MacRae heads the cast, as the singing cowboy, and Shirley Jones, a pretty girl with an attractive voice, is on hand as the romantic farm girl. They are both good, and so is Charlotte Greenwood, who plays an aging farm woman and flings herself about with all her old leggy abandon. The comedy supplied by Gloria Grahame and Eddie Albert struck me as tedious, but the Rodgers and Hammerstein tunes emerge as fresh and gay as ever, even when carried on four stereophonic sound tracks, each with the decibel-content of a military band.

Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones.

As a play, Ferenc Molnar's *The Swan,* has the tinkling, old-fashioned charm of Dvorak's "Humoresque" played on a piano three doors down on a Sunday morning. As a picture, however, it has Grace Kelly, with all her many-splendored publicity to give it significance, along with Alec Guinness to lend it liveliness and wit. There has been some retouching of the faded text, but the picture's chief asset is still its two stars. Actor Guinness plays the role as though it honestly amused him, and Grace Kelly plays hers as though she quite touchingly believed in it, and the result is a blend of persuasiveness and gaiety that go considerably beyond the margins of the original text.

Grace Kelly and Alec Guinness: Persuasiveness and gaiety.

Thoughts at quitting time

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SOLD COAST TO COAST

The Romantic Temperament

by Robertson Davies

BELATEDLY, but with enthusiasm, I call the attention of readers of this department to *Dylan Thomas in America*, by John Malcolm Brinnin; the book was published in November, 1955, and would have been reviewed then if I were not continually in arrears with the excellent books which I would like to write about, but lack space to mention. This is a book which grows in recollection, and as another book relating to another great romantic, Hector Berlioz, has come to hand, I want to write about them both and make some comments on the romantic temperament as I do so.

Brinnin is an American poet who, when he became director of the YM-YWHA Poetry Centre in New York in 1950, lost no time in asking Dylan Thomas to visit the U.S.A. and give some readings there. Thus he became Thomas's agent and friend, and was deeply involved in Thomas's four visits to this continent. A more exhausting, alarming, yet life-enhancing experience for a sensitive man could hardly be imagined. Thomas was everything that conventional people sum up in the word "impossible"; he was a drunkard, offensive in his attitude toward women, irresponsible about money and appointments, and even a thief in a minor way. Yet he was also sensitive, lovable, often a glorious companion, and a true poet in the freshness of vision and the splendor of insight which he brought to life.

As we read this hair-raising account of Thomas's descents on American academic settlements we shudder with Mr. Brinnin, yet we admire and envy Thomas. He suffered terrible remorse for his bad behavior, but while it was going on he appears to have enjoyed it on a plane of delight which few of us ever attain. Is there anyone who has engaged, however, humbly, in the speech-making trade, who has not longed to tell the organizers, the sponsors, the eager-beavers, precisely what he thinks of them? Who has not yearned to tell the culture-eager young women what their probable destiny in life will be? Is there an author, however lowly, who has not ached to tell a few professors and critics what he thinks of their necrophagous attitude toward literature?

There is one living Canadian poet, known to me who, when plagued by a women's club to reveal his principal enthusiasms in life replied, briefly, "Whisky and dirty stories". But where lesser writers hold their tongues, or break out infrequently, Thomas revelled and rioted his way across the States, saying what he pleased in the language most appropriate to his feelings. And of course he gave superb readings from his own verse and that of other men—readings which brought a whole new glory of poetry to thousands among those who heard him.

If Thomas had been simply an uninhibited poet he would not have been unusually interesting, but he had two elements deep in his nature which marked him as a romantic of the first order. He was a ruthless spiritual exploiter of other

Dylan Thomas: Bardic fury.

people, and he was possessed by a demon of self-destruction. Mr. Brinnin describes, with reserve and yet with utmost conviction, the feeling which stole over him that he was being absorbed into Thomas's life; that he was, beyond any duty as agent and friend, being made responsible for Thomas, forced to act as his keeper and his conscience. Thomas was a man of inordinately strong personality; those who loved him were subsumed in him; his spirit, whether in anguish or in triumph, absorbed them.

He was a man bent on self-destruction. His disregard of medical advice was not the weakness of the drunkard who cannot live without liquor; he could, and did, drink little or nothing when he was at ease with himself. He drank to quiet a horrible nervous exacerbation, a deep despair of the soul, which lured him on toward his death. The years that Brinnin describes were, judged as a whole, years of prolonged suicide from despair.

Why do I call this romance? Because the romantic impulse, when it is strong, is desperately dangerous to those whom it possesses. The romantic attitude toward life—if such demoniacal possession may be called an attitude—is one in which feeling always takes precedence over reason or reflection. The poet of popular fancy—the man of weak nature pursuing pretty fancies and communicating them in verse—is the caricature: the reality is what Dylan Thomas was, a man shaken and destroyed by a bardic fury.

Such creatures are rare, and they are valued more highly by posterity than by the world which knows them and likes its lions comfortably tamed. Hector Berlioz (1803-1869) was a great romantic, and it is pleasant to have a new translation, by Jacques Barzun, of his *Evenings with the Orchestra*. It is a hotch-potch of music criticism, musical anecdote, and musical jokes, strung together as the conversation which goes on in the orchestra during the performance of bad operas and oratorios. It has been criticized as a formless, bitty book. I like such books, full of unexpected plums and odd scraps of wisdom, and I do not find it formless; the form is that of the personality of Berlioz himself. This is the table-talk of a man of extraordinary musical genius who was also a very good writer. Berlioz was music critic of the Paris *Journal des Débats* for a quarter of a century. A man of first-rate genius who is also a critic can let us into secrets of the artistic life which nobody else can communicate. This is a rich book for those who know how to read it.

Unquestionably a great romantic, Berlioz possessed a quality not found in Thomas, which helped him to preserve his reason; he is an ironist of high quality. There is a cast of mind, admirably exemplified in Berlioz, which is possessed by the romantic fury and buffeted by it, but which, at unexpected moments, achieves a calm, wry appreciation of itself, a sudden stillness in the storm. Berlioz, too, was an "impossible" person. His love-life was outrageous; his public behavior was often frantic.

At the conclusion of a public performance of his *Symphonie Funébre et Triomphale*, which he conducted with a drawn sword, he flung himself upon the kettledrums in a fit of weeping. He was obsessed by a need for musical grandiosity, and effects which he called "Babylonian and Ninevean". And yet this irrational genius also wrote the brilliant satires on musical jealousies and the making of a musical career which give splendid

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Hector Berlioz: Sudden calm.

life to the pages of the book which Barzun has re-translated.

Extraordinary demands are made upon the world by men of romantic genius. We can now, without discomfort to ourselves, admire Berlioz. But how should we have responded to Berlioz if we had been his contemporaries? Very much, no doubt, as we responded to Dylan Thomas. The president of a women's club who has been ribaldly insulted, the nubile poetry-lover who has asked to have her mind explored and who has had her bottom pinched instead, the professor of literature who has been told to commit an indecency against his own ultra-respectable person; the kindly host upon whose drawing-room carpet genius has thrown up, the woman abandoned, the friend driven to the edge of endurance: these people have understandable and real complaints. They need not be expected to say, "This is a genius and we must bear with him"; genius in a tantrum has a way of looking much like any egotist in a tantrum. Few people can see genius in someone who has offended them.

Genius is unquestionably a great trial, when it takes the romantic form, and genius and romance are so associated in the public mind that many people recognize no other kind. There are other forms of genius, of course, and though they create their own problems, they are not "impossible" people.

But O, how deeply we should thank God for these impossible people like Berlioz and Dylan Thomas! What a weary, grey, well-ordered, polite, unendurable hell this world would be without them!

Dylan Thomas in America, by John Malcolm Brinnin—pp. 294 and photographs—*Little, Brown—$4.25.*

Evenings with the Orchestra, by Hector Berlioz, trans. by Jacques Barzun—pp. 376 and illustrations—*McClelland & Stewart—$6.75.*

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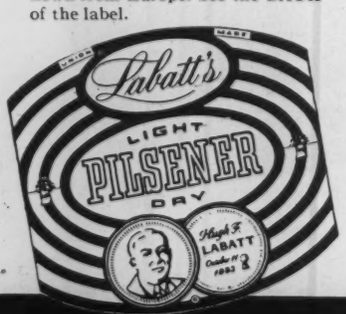

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Will a Canadian Win?

by Trent Frayne

IT USED TO BE a dull summer that some optimistic magazine didn't come out with an article on golf entitled "Will a Canadian Win the Canadian Open?" They were a patient crew, those magazine editors, but eventually even they became frustrated by the endless string of American victories in Canada's top golf event, and lately they've had to forego the hypothetical question and settle for such summertime subjects as "How to Build Your Own Summer Cottage Without Actually Working", or some such.

It's true that after something like forty years of unbroken American dominance Pat Fletcher of Saskatoon *did* win the Canadian Open a couple of seasons ago but that, as they say in France, was not one of the good years. That is, Fletcher, through no fault of his own, won the tournament practically in private. The tournament was held in Vancouver, I believe it was, at a time when all of the good American pros were performing along the Atlantic seaboard. A few U.S. citizens did show up, it's true, but their names were Finnegan or Dalrymple or whatever, rather than Snead or Middlecoff.

Except for this technicality, then, the editors had every right to discard their standing headline because they were indeed flogging a dead horse. The good Americans were just too seasoned, too experienced and too mechanically grooved for our side.

The past tense is used deliberately there because a couple of Canadians are beginning to emerge from the madding crowd who might just, gadzooks, win the Canadian Open. They might just not, too, but let us say that in Stan Leonard and Al Balding Canada has produced two of the world's near-great golfers who, in a given week, are as apt as anybody else to string together the four superb rounds required to win any given tournament.

Both of them are at the point now where they can occasionally produce three rounds in the upper 60s. The thing that's been putting them anywhere from fourth to tenth at such high moments is the one fateful sortie into the lower 70s.

In the lush $30,000 Colonial tournament in Fort Worth a few weeks ago Balding came away with $1,400 for fourth place on one relatively bad round in which he was a couple of strokes over par. Gene Littler, a Californian, had no bad rounds and such foresight earned him $10,000. A week or so later, in St. Louis, Leonard was tied for first place at the halfway point with an Ohio pro uninhibited by the unlikely name of Dow Finsterwald. To that point, Leonard had a 69 and a 67. In the third round he required 71 shots and in the fourth a par 72. These indiscretions pushed him down into fifth place in the final listings as Finsterwald produced two more 69s.

It is impossible to over-emphasize the importance of a single shot in these tournaments, or a single mistake. In the Los Angeles Open last January, Balding came up to his ball on the ninth fairway and squinted towards the green, some 125 yards away. At least, it *looked* to be about 125 yards away, but there was a mountain in the background which he felt might be playing tricks with his perspective. At length, however, he decided to trust his judgment, and he pulled out a No. 9 iron to make the shot.

"Doubt if you'll make it with a nine, sir," his caddy observed.

Balding hesitated, aware that his caddy was a Californian and ought to know the course. So he took the advice and played a No. 8 iron. The ball hit the back of the

Stan Leonard: Fewer woes.

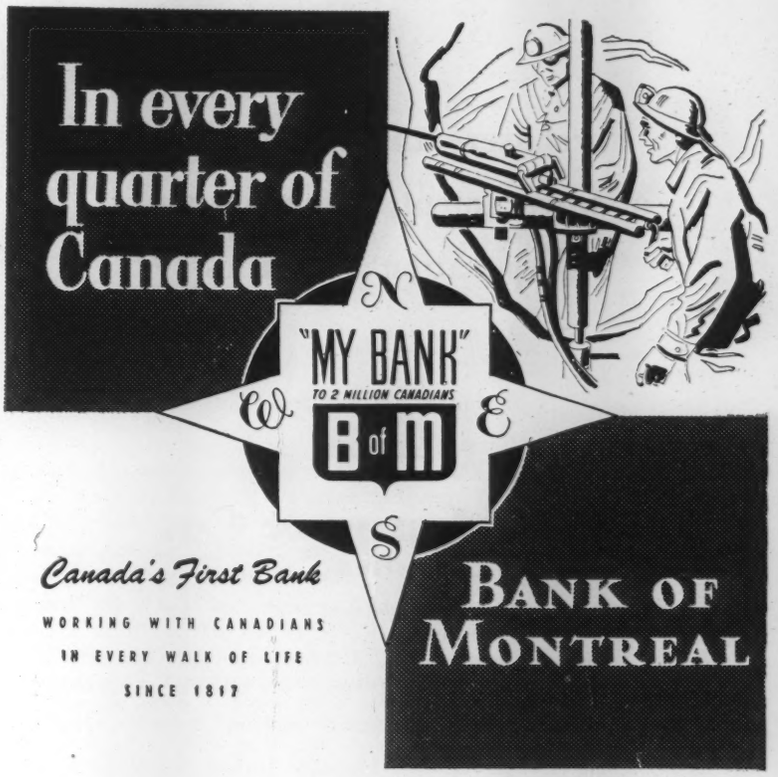
Al Balding: All on his own.

green and rolled beyond, and Balding lost a stroke getting back to the green. As it turned out, that single shot cost him $300. He finished with a four-round total of 281 strokes and won $199 in prize money. The players bracketed at 280 each earned $490.

Tiny incidents like this, and others like it, are what keep Canadians off the prize list in tournament after tournament. As few as three poor shots a round add up to 12 in four rounds, and 12 shots in top tournament golf add up to oblivion.

But Balding and Leonard have been the most persistent Canadians on the tours, and that's why it is no coincidence that the two best golfers in Canada today are Balding and Leonard. Leonard, while he was a professional at the Marine Drive Club in Vancouver, was able to make sporadic trips to the Pacific Northwest and California, and this experience made him this country's best golfer until Balding came along. Now forty, a leathery solemn little guy, Leonard has switched to the Lachute Club in Quebec whose directors are permitting him to spend more time on the tournament circuit and less time at the course tending to the whims and listening to the woes of members.

Balding, a droll stringbean of thirty-two, has made it all on his own. Determined to be a good one, he saved and even borrowed and got a lift here and there from friends in getting the money to finance his winter excursions in the southern States. He's been at it for four years, and this past winter was the most successful ever achieved by a Canadian. He must have made close to $6,000 in prize money since he and his wife Moreen set out in their car last December. His high point came in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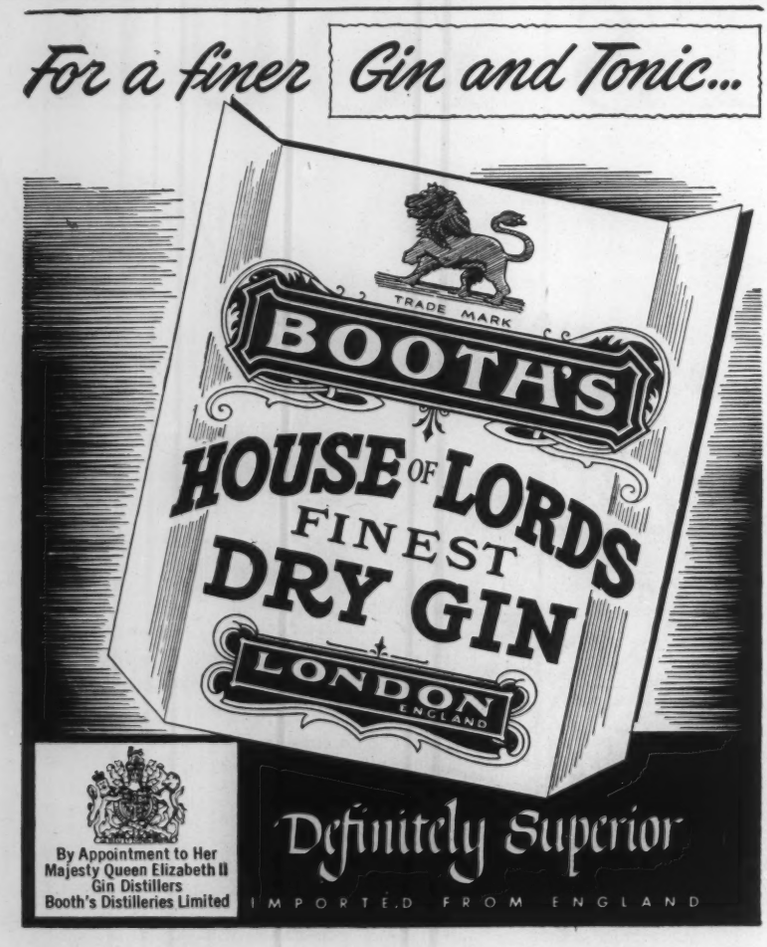


the Mayfair Open in Sanford, Fla., where he strung together those essential four giddy rounds—69, 66, 66, and 68—to top the field, the only time a Canadian has ever done it on the U.S. circuit. Even with such sub-par excellence, he won it by only one stroke.

There are moments when Balding has difficulty realizing that this past winter really happened. He flew to Toronto early in February from Phoenix, Ariz., to be guest of honor at the Ontario Sportswriters and Sportscasters Asociation's annual $25-a-plate dinner for the Crippled Children's Fund, and he was pacing his hotel room in a 19th hole session with old friends. Somebody asked him how his nerves were holding out and he said fine, and then remarked that he couldn't sleep much. Night after night, he said, he lay on his back staring at the ceiling, unable to get to sleep.

"Does it worry you that much?" he was asked.

Al stared blankly, not comprehending. Then he grinned.

"Worry," he said. "Hell, it isn't worry. I just can't believe that all this is happening to *me*."

This summer Canadians may get a surprise from Balding and Leonard. They go to England in July to represent their country, along with two golfers from each of 28 other countries, to compete for the Canada Cup, an annual event underwritten by John Jay Hopkins for what he calls the promotion of international goodwill. With only two Americans to lick, instead of a whole tournament-full, Balding and Leonard might just lead the 29 nations.

After that, they head for the British Open, and then cross the channel to France for the Paris Open. Out of all this international competition Leonard or Balding or both might well write a brand-new answer to that once ridiculous question: will a Canadian win the Canadian Open?

The Race

by Louis Dudek

Pine trees that grow 200 feet in the air
and have no green but a bunched Christmas tree
at the top

have done it through competition
with other trees,
like the armaments race,
or skyscraper cities,

each trying to get the light from the other,
until all are too far from the earth
to get enough juice,
and suck it a half-mile up
for a mere living.

Lost Markets Across the Border

by Logan MacLean

WHEN BUSINESS is good in Canada, Canadians buy more from the United States. But they buy at a much faster pace than the Americans do from Canada. Thus the trade balance between the two countries is a pretty reliable gauge of Canadian prosperity. Why should it be so? Part of the reason is the fear that many Canadian manufacturers have of the big, highly competitive American market and of the complicated customs procedures of the U.S. At least some of this fear is exaggerated.

Canadian manufacturers generally cite customs problems for their reluctance to sell their goods south of the border. Often these problems are more imagined than real, and stem from confusion over the difference between "rates of duty" and "classification".

Under U.S. law, rates of duty can only be changed by acts of Congress or by a negotiated trade agreement; tariff reductions by agreement are at present restricted to about 15 per cent of the rate existing in January, 1955. Classification is a different and much more perplexing matter. An item may get a certain classification at one port of entry and an entirely different one at another. Moreover, the item may be given varying valuations by different officials — higher, perhaps, than the actual selling price. But these are not insuperable difficulties. Exporters can appeal against what they consider unjustified classifications, either through the Canadian Department of Trade and Commerce or directly to the U.S. Customs Bureau in Washington. Valuation difficulties can generally be avoided by obtaining competent advice beforehand.

Another difficulty in the way of exporting to the U.S. is the possible American use of escape clauses in reciprocal agreements to block any large penetration of the market by foreign goods. But the record shows that the clauses are more of a deterrent than a real penalty. Since the escape clause legislation was passed in 1943, there have been 54 inquiries into appeals for its use. In only 13 cases were the appeals sustained, and the clause was invoked to provide additional protection in just six of these.

All in all, U.S. customs procedures are less of a bugaboo than generally suspected. There are, however, other disadvantages. Canadian goods are not "foreign" to the American market. They are made, styled and packaged like American goods, and therefore have no distinction or "import" prestige. This means that the Canadian product must compete in price or quality or both with its American counterpart. Higher overhead of winter operations in Canada, the difference in size of the domestic market and only a slight difference (sometimes none at all) in labor costs are among the factors that make it difficult for the Canadian to produce more cheaply than his American competitor, although he may be helped by lower prices on the raw materials he uses.

But the Canadian manufacturer also has several distinct advantages. He is probably situated within fairly easy reach of big U.S. areas of consumption — which may actually be closer to him than to the American plants. While these consuming centres may not be as large and superficially enticing as, say, New York and Chicago, they can still be substantially and less fiercely competitive.

A major advantage, of course, is the similarity of business methods. Canadian and American markets are essentially the same. Marketing practices and purchasing patterns do not vary widely as the border is crossed. The main difference here is that the Canadian must "work" the American market even more intensively than he does the market at home. But his way of doing it will be much the same.

Where production costs and customs penalties make it extremely difficult for the Canadian to use price as a competitive factor in the U.S., what can be done? The solution offered by R. G. C. Smith, commercial counsellor at the Canadian Embassy in Washington, is this:

"If Canada is to move more into the field of exporting manufactured goods (including manufactured goods products) to the United States, it is essential to work at the problem of distinctive design and styling. The United States market is so large and is such an avid consumer of new ideas that for the long run Canadian manufacturers must develop a distinctive Canadian flair or characteristic either in the product or in the packaging or both. Nor should this be considered as a hopeless or unattainable goal. The rewards are there and in some cases they have been reaped by companies who have tried to compete on the basis of design, quality, or distinctive packaging, rather than on a more narrow concept of price for price."

The moral could very well be that "our merchandise" does not necessarily have to follow the American product—or the overseas product, for that matter. It is another field for the development of Canadian ideas and talent.

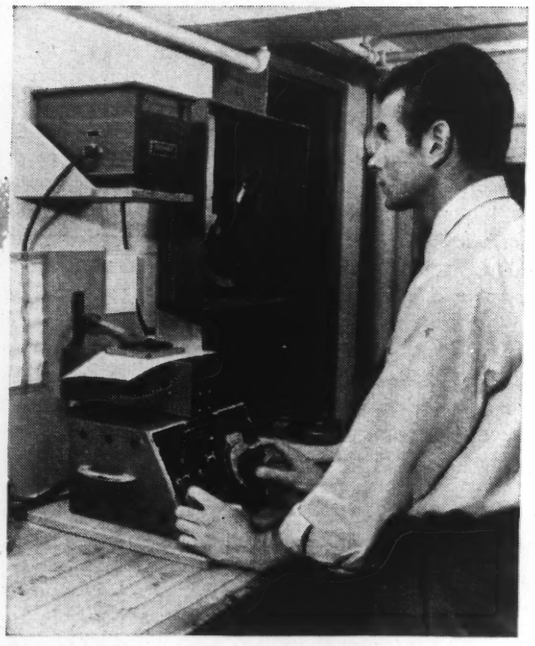
The Startling Rise of U.S. Imports

The following table of first quarter imports and exports clearly shows that the rapid rise of imports from United States is the main cause of Canada's growing trade deficit.

	IMPORTS		EXPORTS		BALANCE	
	1955	1956	1955	1956	1955	1956
	(all figures in millions of dollars)					
U.S.	**745.7**	**966.9**	**579.8**	**641.6**	**—165.9**	**—325.3**
U.K. & Commonwealth	**121.0**	**137.2**	**236.2**	**238.8**	**+115.2**	**+101.6**
All Other Countries	**124.0**	**172.6**	**150.6**	**171.1**	**+ 26.6**	**— 1.5**
Totals	**990.7**	**1276.7**	**966.6**	**1051.5**	**— 24.1**	**—225.2**

From Business and Finance in Canada. May, 1956.

we've got an eye for brightness



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Airline Enterprise

Says PAA's Risley, "There is a common desire of Canadians throughout every province for world-wide travel." And his airline, which initiated tourist flights and "travel-now, pay-later" plans is trying to get their overseas travel business.

WHILE Canadian critics have been sniping at Trans-Canada Airlines, an American company has quite quietly stepped in and started nibbling away at the country's overseas travel trade.

While some Canadians were busy describing other Canadians as "provincial" and "stay-at-homes", Pan American World Airways officials in New York were methodically studying statistics. Their findings: Canadians are among the most-travelled people in the world. Their conclusion: send Bill Risley to Canada—"he'll get us some of those travel dollars". They were right.

Bill Risley

Bill Risley is a 39-year-old New Yorker who combines the unlikely combination of hard-sell and soft speech. In the 18 months he has been acting as district sales manager, he has managed to keep the initials PAA in large type in the nation's press. He has issued a constant stream of travel films to be carried by the country's content-hungry TV stations. He has helped sponsor almost as many contests as a soap company — the prize always a PAA trip. And incidentally, he has lured an imposing number of travellers to his company's ticket wicket.

Brooklyn-born, Dartmouth-educated Risley is well-versed in air ways. After serving with the United States Air Force he became associated with commercial aviation. During 1945 and 1946, he spent much time in Canada, particularly in Montreal, where he was active in the founding of the International Air Transport Association (IATA).

He joined "Pan Am" in 1947 as administrative assistant to Willis H. Lipscomb, vice-president of Traffic and Sales. Later he assisted in the development of the company's U.S. sales organization. Prior to being sent to Toronto he was manager of Agency and Interline Sales.

The airline which Risley represents is probably the most aggressive flying the world's airways today. It initiated such modern developments as tourist flights, and "travel-now, pay-later" plans. Currently it has joined another major U.S. airline in attempting to lower the fixed trans-Atlantic rates. In all, it serves 80 countries over 63,155 route miles.

No fact serves to demonstrate Risley's sales ability more vividly than his selling PAA in Canada. The airline does not stop in any major Canadian city. Yet, he has convinced many Canadians it would be better for them to start a trans-Atlantic hop in New York, rather than leave from the convenience of Toronto or Montreal.

Canadians travel everywhere. On the day Pan American opened its Canadian office, it sold one of its shortest airtrips, a 203-mile Miami to Havana ticket. By coincidence, the first route flown by PAA when it inaugurated service in 1927 was between Key West, Florida, and Havana, Cuba. The longest trip sold to a Canadian was to a retired businessman in January — his ticket is currently taking him on a 52,000-mile journey through 61 countries.

Five-foot eleven, and dapper, Risley looks like a man ready to pose for a man-of-distinction ad. His brown hair has greyed just enough at the temples to give him that "distinguished young executive" look. He is a thorough believer in getting involved in the community life of the country. He is a member of the executive committee of the Toronto chapter of the Canadian Inter-American Association, which he recently helped to organize; he sits on the Citizenship and Immigration Committee of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce; he is chairman of the Professional Division of the Individual Special Gifts Section of the Community Chest of Toronto; he is also a member of the Toronto Board of Trade, the Ad and Sales Club and the American Men's Club.

Both he and his wife are ardent skiers and sailors. With their three children, Mary, William Jr., and John, they live in a spacious house in north Toronto.

Should any Canadian today think of his countrymen as "stay-at-homes" he might have a talk with Bill Risley. He has the figures to prove it just isn't so, and by selling world travel—via PAA, of course —he is proving it even less so.

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DIVIDEND

JM

The Board of Directors declared a quarterly dividend of 50¢ per share on the Common Stock payable June 8, 1956, to holders of record May 28, 1956.

Roger Hackney, Treasurer

John,
have you ever had to
raise more capital
for your business?

Yes Hugh,
last year we required additional funds
to modernize our number one plant.
Previous to that we needed
more working capital. On
both occasions we took
our problem to Dominion
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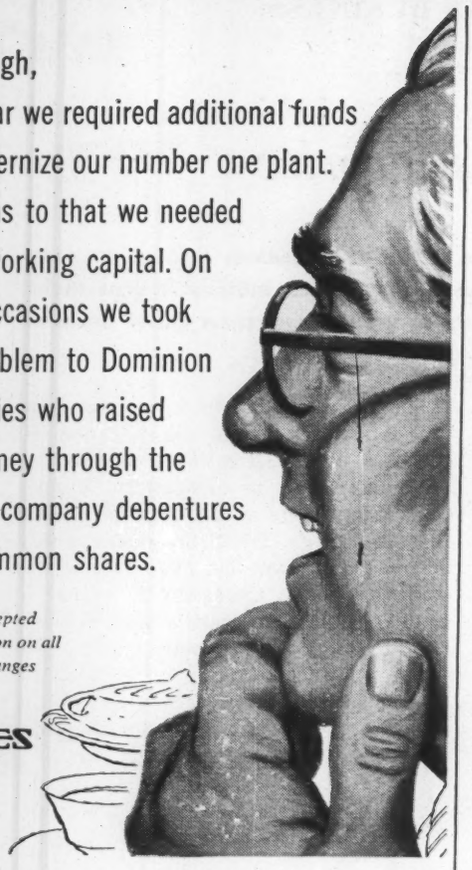

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Gold & Dross

Campbell Red Lake

What is your opinion of Campbell Red Lake at recent levels?—K.V., Chicago, Ill.

Although Campbell Red Lake has declined more than a third from its high levels of 1955, it is difficult to engender much market enthusiasm for it. Earnings for the first quarter of 1956 were not particularly impressive, in spite of the drumbeaters' pointing out that the quarter's net was 10 times that of the same period of the previous year. Campbell has had a recent market capitalization of about $26 million and in the March quarter netted $311,701. This is at the rate of about $1.2 million for the 12 months so that the company has been selling for more than 20 times earnings. We can't say what there is about the situation to warrant such a valuation.

A large percentage of the stock is owned by Dome Mines and this reduces the floating supply. This tends to make the stock command prices which might not be possible if Dome holdings were in the public's hands.

Bralorne

Although other gold stocks have been declining Bralorne has enjoyed a 100 per cent or more increase in price from its 1955 low. What is the explanation of this? —D.J. Barrie, Ont.

The Bralorne price advance reflects a greatly improved ore position since the company has started working the deeper horizons. Resumption of dividend payments is also a factor. The 30th and 31st levels are the best which this Bridge River gold producer has yet opened, with the possible exception of the rich sixth level. The mine has enjoyed an impressive production record and has always been regarded as having outstanding possibilities.

While not going along with the claims of some promoters that publicity makes a mining camp, it is not unreasonable to assume that a property as outstanding as Bralorne would, if located within a few hundred miles of the Toronto Stock Exchange instead of in British Columbia, command a substantially higher market valuation.

Maritimes Mining

What pulled the rug out from under Maritimes Mining? Let's hope the mine lasts longer than that $5 price the stock hit—but not hard.—S.S., Montreal, Que.

Foresight is always more difficult than hindsight. Anyone who foresaw when Maritimes was at $5 that the bottom was going to fall out of the copper market

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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 278

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of thirty-five cents per fully-paid share on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending July 31, 1956, payable at the Bank and its branches on August 1, 1956, to shareholders of record at the close of business on June 30, 1956.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD
N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager

Toronto, May 25, 1956

could have sold the stock short and profited handsomely. The $5 price, it might be noted, appeared to allow generously for any development possibilities the property had over and above its indicated ore. In a declining copper market such possibilities depreciate. So does indicated ore.

It might be added that leading factors in the copper world never felt as certain about the permanency of 50-cent copper as some Johnny-come-latelies to the economic-advisory world. The president of one of the world's largest producing companies said in Toronto a few weeks ago that the price outlook for copper was confused.

Steep Rock

Is Steep Rock a buy at present prices?—S.F., Peterborough, Ont.

For each buyer of a share there must be a seller. However, a person can be excused for not realizing this if he reads some daily papers and much of the financial press. They give the impression that the stock market is a one-way street—always up—to profits; and that there is a law against bad news.

Steep Rock's performance has fully lived up to advance notices and the individuals who sponsored it deserve great credit for an outstanding Canadian development. It will probably be doing business at the same old stand for many years since its actual and indicated ore reserves are impressive.

That doesn't mean you couldn't pay too much for the stock, valuation of which partly reflects the price of iron ore at the lower lake ports. This in turn hinges on the tempo of steelmaking, now going full blast. But there are a few clouds on the horizon. Steel consumption in the U.S. is down in both automotive and implement fields. The scarcity of steel is not so severe that it couldn't rapidly turn into a surplus.

In the more distant future is the competition with Steep Rock of Labrador ore via the seaway. Just remember these things when you appraise Steep Rock and listen to those who are talking dividends for it. The company owes considerable money. It's a question whether it shouldn't get out of the clutches of its creditors before it starts shelling out to shareholders.

Hudson Bay M & S

What is the explanation of the recent strength in Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting?—M.W., Newmarket, Ont.

Market performance of Hudson Bay M & S was more or less concurrent with news of its recent discoveries in the Snow Lake area of Manitoba. It is said to have taken several hundred base metal claims for detailed prospecting and the market

The Toronto-Dominion Bank

Rights to Subscribe for Capital Stock

Shareholders of The Toronto-Dominion Bank have now received the warrants entitling them to subscribe for one new share of the Capital Stock of the Bank at $32 per share for each three shares held as of record May 11, 1956. This price is substantially below the current market price of about $43 per share and it is to the shareholders advantage to use their rights to subscribe for the additional shares to which they are entitled.

The current annual dividend rate is $1.30 and last year, in addition, an extra payment of $0.20 was paid.

Our facilities are readily available to investors who wish to exercise their rights, or to buy or sell rights or shares in the market.

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THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

NOTICE OF 289th DIVIDEND

A quarterly dividend of fifty cents per share has been declared payable on the 16th day of July, 1956 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 14th day of June, 1956.

Montreal, May 23, 1956.

S. C. SCADDING, *Secretary*

NATIONAL STEEL CAR CORPORATION LIMITED

Notice of Dividend

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty-seven and one-half (37½c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending June 30, 1956, payable on July 14, 1956, to shareholders of record at the close of business June 15, 1956.

By Order of the Board.

J. PLUMPTON,
Secretary

apparently thinks its prospecting judgment is worth following. The company received favorable investor reaction a few years back when it reported interesting exploration results in the Yukon.

Any time Hudson Bay reports a find, it seems to set investors to re-appraising its position and trying to estimate the effect upon its future of the new orebody. The original orebody at Flin Flon is by no means exhausted, but so far has not responded to depth exploration. The importance to the company's position in the metal-making world of bringing in a new mine cannot be overestimated.

Hudson Bay does things in a big way and the feeling of the public seems to be that if it does find anything it will be big. The company has about 2.75 million shares outstanding and when the stock goes up $10 a share it adds $27.5 million to its market capitalization. This is in a market in which promoters of prospects are taking only fair-looking properties, spending a few millions on them and hanging a $40 to $50 million price tag on them. This is largely for hopes. Hudson Bay has them plus the goods.

Treasury Stock

I often read in the daily and mining and financial press about mining companies selling their treasury stock below the price of the stock on the exchange and also giving the underwriters options on further treasury stock. Why don't they let the shareholders in on the gravy?—J.M., Buffalo, NY.

We presume you mean "unissued" stock when you use the term "treasury" stock. The frequency with which these terms are used interchangeably shows the extent to which promotional thinking influences the language of reporters.

If you want to go to the reference library some rainy afternoon and look it up in any reference work on secretarial practice, you will find that "treasury" stock is stock which has been issued but which has been donated back to its treasury. A company is, incidentally, not allowed to buy its own common stock.

Many shareholders are disgruntled when they see stock issued to promoters for less money than its market price. There is sometimes a suspicion that the people who control the company issue themselves more stock as part of the good thing they enjoy and offer the excuse that this is the only way the company can finance.

On the other hand, financing of this type is sometimes actually the only way a company can get money in a hurry. Much as officials would like to give their shareholders a ride on the gravy boat, the market might decline before the offering could be made to shareholders. The company might thereby miss a chance to get some money with which to drill.

In Brief

What happened to Confederation Mines Ltd.?—C.B., Hull, Que.

It went the way of the Confederate dollar.

What is the status of Fish Lake Gold Mining?—B.M., Vancouver, BC.

The fish aren't biting.

Is Iron Ore Reducing Co. Ltd. still around?—K.L., Seaforth, Ont.

It reduced to the vanishing point.

What about Ritz Larder Mines Ltd.?—E.E., Windsor, Ont.

The company was wound up. It is not the same thing as, nor has it any connection with, The Ritz Larder Mines Ltd.

Has Horsefly Cariboo Gold Mines Ltd. any value?—H.J., Perth, Ont.

The British Columbia government swatted it.

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with a Stetson Gift Certificate
A gift-boxed, miniature hat comes with it . . . father goes to the Dealer who issued the certificate and selects his hat. If he's out of town, send a Stetson National Gift Certificate – redeemable at any Stetson Dealer's. Note to fathers: see Stetson Straws — like the "Milan" illustrated here – in 1955's smart new styles and colours.
Stetson Straws are priced from $5.95.
STETSON HATS

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

EVERY beginner must have been thrilled by Damiano's smothered mate, with the King blocked in a corner by his own pieces and the mate applied by a Knight. It was named for P. Damiano, a chemist from Odemira, Portugal, whose fame rests on his treatise first published in Rome in 1512.

In 1914 the problemist F. Kohnlein composed a game-like position with a bifurcation of this mate, the black King being driven first to one corner and then the other in the two variations.

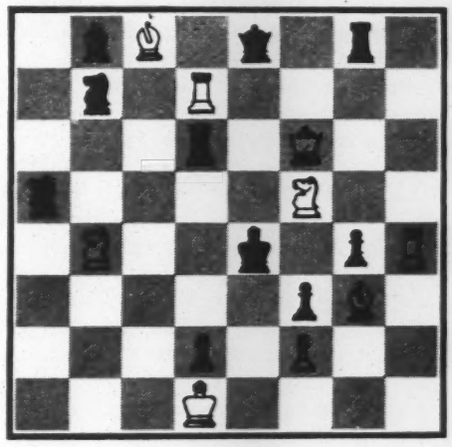
Solution of Problem No. 141

Key-move 1.B-K6, threatening 2.B-Q5 mate. If BxP; 2.P-B3 mate. If B-B6; 2.P-Q3 mate. If KtxQR; 2.R-K3 mate. If KtxKR; 2.R-Q4 mate. If Q-Kt1; 2.QxP mate.

If 1.R-Q4ch or R-K3ch, then after KtxR the other R is pinned and no mate. The tries 1.P-Q3ch and P-B3ch are similarly affected.

Problem No. 142, by E. Narroway. Port Alberni, BC.

White mates in two.



Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

SOME of these alphametics can be real teasers, and this one will certainly take some solving. You are given the figures of only the first line, the others being indicated by crosses; "A" and "B" represent two different figures, of course. So now what do you make of "AAAA"?

A B) A A A A (B A
x x x
x x x
x x x
x x (24)

Answer on Page 42.

We Band of Brothers

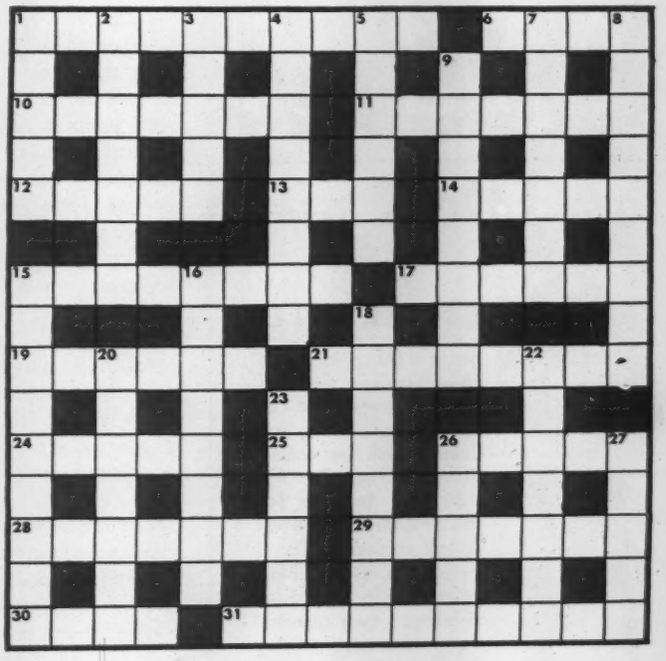
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 See 10
6 Smelt like Caliban smelt, according to Trinculo. (4)
10, 1 "The Winter's . . . . ." is incomplete unless . . . . . (7, 5, 1, 4)
11 Sounds as though he might keep the drips away at the 15D, 21. (7)
12 See 31
13 Though the 15D, 21 has a long one, it's no reason to expect 11 and 16 to appear in short pants. (3)
14 See 31
15 A wise bird to crow about? (8)
17 Let us leave Cassius to a spicy outcome. (6)
19 The muse returns in the abstract. (6)
21 See 15D
24 Elina and Tom had it on hand. (5)
25 Beastly king in "Antony and Cleopatra". (3)
26 Metrical stress of Henley's "Invictus"? (5)
28 The rearing 5 animal has got out! (7)
29 Still is! (7)
30 "The attempt and not the . . . . . Confounds us". (Macbeth) (4)
31, 14, 12 Slender racers in women's underwear, according to Henry V. (10, 2, 3, 5)

DOWN

1 Ha! Upset? (5)
2 Wanting to be born by the sound of the bell. (7)
3 See 23. (5)
4 Trifle with a carrier for kids. (3, 5)
5 Flower of the Honolulu pineapple. (6)
7 Sounds as though the hostelry keepers are husband and wife. (7)
8 But hardly the fly-swatter to use in theatre stalls. (5-4)
9 Is this what made the emmet drunk? Chew it over for a while. (8)
15, 21 A merry wife took up the pies in 15D, but the last five broke in 21. (9, 8)
16 He's coming o-ho, to 15D, not Loch Leven. (8)
18 A new way to make love has the community showing speed. (8)
20 It takes a male bird to play battledore. (7)
22 Holy half of 18. (7)
23 The 3 of Tom Patterson's ideals have caused the 15D, 21 to do this. (6)
26 One may see oil go into this dwelling; whale oil, probably. (5)
27 Stratford, Ontario and Connecticut, are recent ones for Shakespeare festivals. (5)



Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS

1 See 28
4 Ago
6 Music
9 Brittle
10 Winters
11 Refresher
12 Ascot
14 Omnibus
16 Drilled
17 Glances
19 Shyness
21 Throb
22 Mousetrap
25 Sconces
26, 5 Theatre of war
27 Baton
28, 1 Red light
29 Docks

DOWN

1 Labor
2 Griffin
3 See 25D
4 Amethysts
5 See 26
6 Mendacity
7 Stencil
8 Cos
13 Tides
14 Ought
15 Back bacon
16 Disrupted
18 Airport
20 Erratic
22 Miser
23 Emend
24 Poets
25, 3 Sub-title (391)

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The Jews in Canada

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

"Non-gentiles need not apply" signs so prevalent in the want ad columns of the country's newspapers in the thirties have disappeared. The "Restricted" sign, that flag of hate and prejudice, has been lowered from hotels and eating places.

But discrimination has gone underground rather than disappeared. Universities, preaching liberal thought, still maintain medieval quota systems. Medical schools still allow only a certain number of Jewish applicants. For engineers, the quota is at the other end, with few being allowed in large corporations. Even sickness has its quota system. Jewish doctors still find it difficult to find beds for patients at many hospitals. Jews in academic life know they can rise only so far and then the shadow of prejudice blocks their path. Dr. Stephen Wise once said: "The only profession I know of that does not bar Jews is the rabbinical profession". The most blatant brand of anti-semitism exists at the top level of society. It's a rare thing for a "prestige" club to allow Jews as members.

A kind of co-existence exists in society. Anti-semitism by exclusion is written off as trivial by everyone, including Jewish leaders, with the exception of the social scientist. He has found that it represents a social reality, not a personal eccentricity or prejudice. Stated in its strongest terms, it is a basic sickness in our society. The Gentile who belongs to the club—the same man who heads charity drives, is horrified at abuse to southern Negroes (from a distance)—rationalizes his position as "freedom of association".

However, among the "ordinary" people there seems to be a definite decline in anti-semitism. In Toronto, Tory and Orange for generations, Nathan Phillips is serving his second term as mayor.

Why are Jews so clannish?

An American writer tells the story of the veterans' post that had 160 members, six of them Jewish. They held a meeting to elect a new post commander, and there were two candidates—Johnson and Ginsburg. When the votes were counted, Johnson had 154, and Ginsburg six. "Those Jews," chuckled a member. "They always stick together, don't they?"

There's no doubt that Jews do tend to be clannish, mostly because they are so frequently excluded from parts of Gentile society, and partly because they have come to feel more comfortable with other Jews.

Of course it's a mistake to think all Jews stick together on all points. The Jewish religion, for instance, has three distinct varieties. Of the 203 Jewish congregations in Canada, 174 are Orthodox, 24 are Conservative, and five are Reform.

Where are the Jews of Canada headed?

There is a strong shift away from the old traditions of Europe. Yiddish, the folksy language that grew up in the ghettos of Europe, is passing away with the generation that migrated here. Intermarriage is still a rare thing in Jewish life. Most Jews feel they cannot stop being Jewish any more than they can stop reacting to prejudice.

Jewish leaders are careful in appraising the swing of the Jew back to the synagogue.

And Rabbi Abraham Feinberg, whose frequent quotation in the press and appearances on television have made him a kind of spokesman for Jews in Canada, adds, "Is Judaism, the religion, having a resurgence in Canada? If we mean by Jewish 'religion' an enhanced interest and pride in the history and achievements of the Jewish people, growing synagogue membership, construction of new buildings for worship and teaching, and a deeper sense of the need for spiritual security—the answer is *yes*, emphatically. But if we mean a more consecrated attitude toward spiritual values, an intense inner consciousness of God, and sacrificial obedience to His will, only the future will tell."

Should you ask a Canadian Jew when he will be integrated completely into Canada, he might give you any number of answers, one of which might be, "On the day that the Bill of Rights of the Jews of Canada, passed as law 124 years ago, becomes a complete reality, on the day I know my son has an equal chance to grow up and be prime minister, on that day, integration will be complete".

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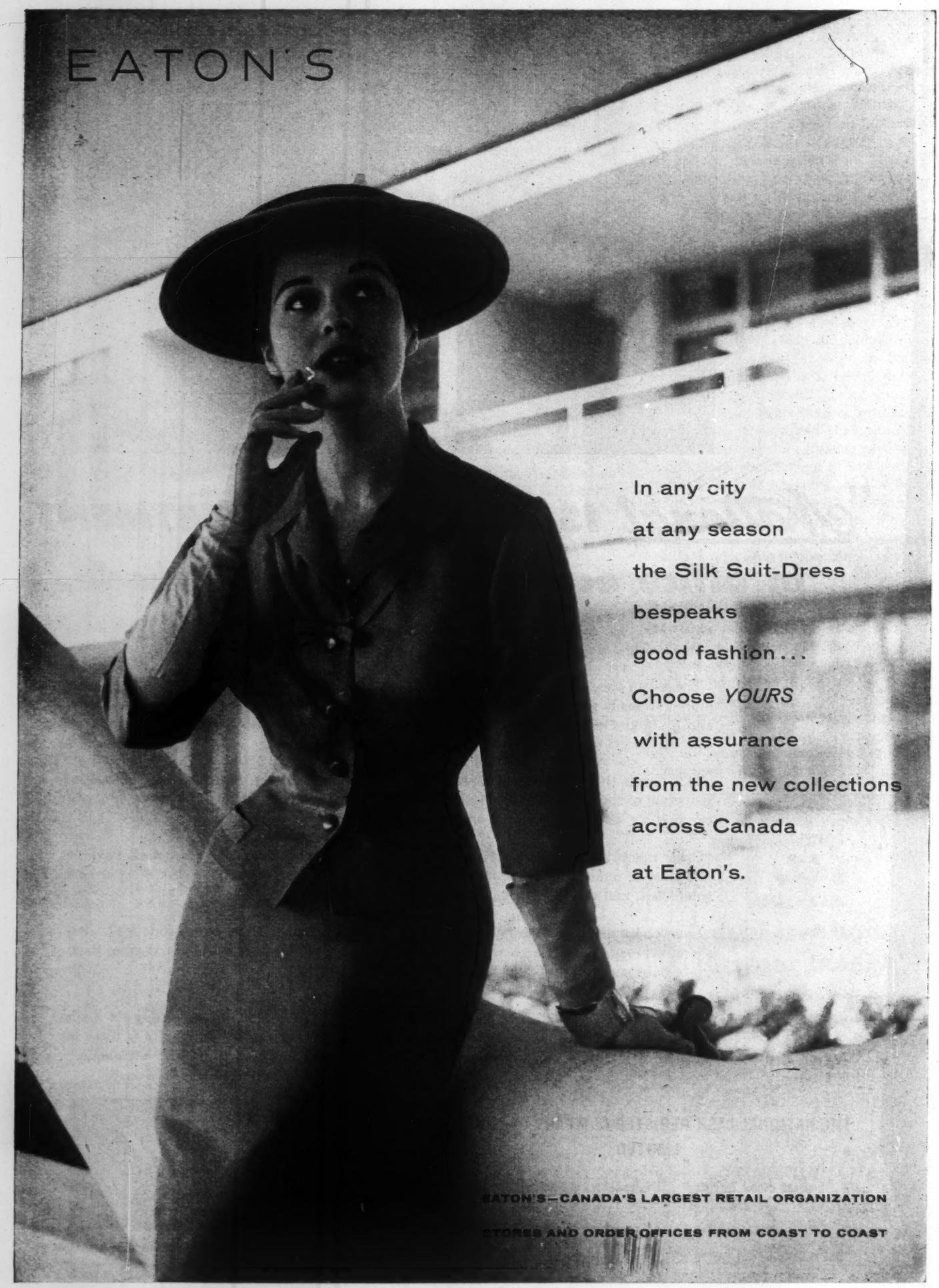
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Janet and Pat supervise Mrs. Stewart's painting. Below, left, Sabina models her first formal.

Extra-Curricular Activity

by Ruth Bowen

MRS. ANDREW STEWART'S calendar reads like a course in the humanities, although the course is both extra-mural and extra-curricular to the activities in Residence One, University of Alberta, Edmonton.

As the wife of the university president, engagements for Mrs. Stewart are as widely varied as university interests. As the mother of six, home life must revolve smoothly around the children while the threshold is kept clear for courtesies extended visiting dignitaries. There are innumerable engagements "over town", as the campus refers to the city at large, and with her husband, Mrs. Stewart is an honorary patron of music, ballet and drama groups. But with all this Mrs. Stewart, who has a personal gift for the art of living, keeps abreast of books and music, and finds time for an expressive talent in painting.

Faculty wives, Mrs. J. M. Whidden and Mrs. Walter Johns, have tea with the President's wife at Residence One on the campus.

The days of the month list such engagements as the University Symphony; the University Mixed Chorus; an evening at the Studio Theatre; the McGowan debate. There is a dinner party to meet a visiting dean, a faculty tea, an Education Club banquet and dance; engagements with student leaders in religious groups—the Canterbury Club and the Mormon organization; a dinner party to be given for 15 students from other countries; a dinner party to give for the Student Council and for the executive of the Wauneita Society—Wauneitas are all the women students on the campus.

Multiply the program by eight months and the answer will give a fair idea of Dr. and Mrs. Stewart's extra-curricular activities. This year the president has been absent weeks at a time as a member of the Gordon Commission. So Mrs. Stewart has met student social demands alone.

Into the official program are crowded personal interests. For a faculty book club meeting every two weeks, members are prepared to discuss a new novel or play, or to hear a treatise on higher mathematics — "Everyone baffled but the professor". Mrs. Stewart has given up classes in the department of fine arts

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painting group, but applies her instruction in treasured hours.

This all revolves around the interests and activities of the six children, from Rob, the eldest, 22—to graduate in arts this spring and enter medicine—to Pat, aged 10, with Ian, Bill, Sabina and Janet between. Still, time isn't too rigid a monitor. When the phone rings and Dr. Silver Keeping reports from her research laboratory, "Something's cooking", the president's wife will hurry over to the lab to observe by microscope the antics of endogeny and hypha—a fantasy in fungi.

With intermittent help from a houseman, and the children, who are "wonderful about co-operating at home", Mrs. Stewart serenely works out the jigsaw pattern of each day, meeting its demands with gaiety, charm, an understanding of young people and a youthful heart which overflows with kindness.

Recently, when three students from Africa's Gold Coast, from Malaya and Lebanon, were invited to address the Women's Canadian Club at an afternoon meeting in the Macdonald Hotel, Dr. Stewart and his wife took them to luncheon in the hotel before their meeting. Later, when they were photographed together, Mrs. Stewart arranged to have prints made. "I want to send the pictures to the boy's mothers," she said.

The president's residence on the university campus is a large brick house with the dignity of position. It stands first, slightly aloof from the horseshoe bend ringed with campus houses of deans and faculty seniors. Situated west of the university buildings, the deep garden has the privacy of a high wall of spreading evergreens. In summer the president's garden is as often the president's garden party. This winter a fine big snowman has been in possession.

The interior of the house has a gracious, formal charm in spacious, sunny rooms. In the long drawing-room, neutral backgrounds and furnishings offset a carefully selected collection of Canadian paintings. The library is for music and small groups.

Outside the threshold, students have felt the awe of a social engagement at Residence One. Within, they respond to sincere hospitality and interest that is warm and personal. The dinner party is the most popular entertainment at the Stewarts, "Because," says their hostess, simply, "young people love to eat."

The Stewarts' home is set in a spacious garden, ringed with trees.

In return, expressions of student pleasure are treasured—a Malayan picture in rice straw on silk, a carving set from Lebanon, the goat horn handles inlaid with gold, or a rather shy poem beginning, "I came narvous", and concluding that there is really no way to say "Thank you" for the hospitality of the Stewarts.

The Stewarts have lived at Residence One for five of the 20 years they have spent at the university, moving from the residence of the head of the department of economics when Dr. Stewart accepted the presidency.

Scottish graduate of Edinburgh University, Dr. Stewart proceded from a lectureship at the University of Manitoba to post-graduate study at the University of

The living-room is the centre for much official entertaining.

Minnesota, then returned to his home in Edinburgh with his bride, Jessie Borland of Winnipeg, for two years' further graduate work at his *alma mater*. They came to Alberta in 1935.

The older children were well grown when they moved to Residence One. School, music, hockey, scouts fitted easily into the rhythm of the home program. But the program in a large family has its colorful sidelights. Mrs. Stewart recalls a stage of "One bicycle and three tricycles", and the adventures of housing an assortment of pets—dog, cat, turtle, goldfish—indoors, a fledgling hawk on the front verandah and a baby owl in the back garden.

Janet and Pat are currently the budding musicians. Janet also takes ballet and Pat plays on his school hockey team. If their mother has time for an hour at her easel, one or both will be at her elbow watching the picture develop. When they practise at the piano, their mother has an ear for their music and an eye for the clock.

The clock speeds time until the middle of May and convocation, with all its ceremony and the nostalgic farewell of about 500 students. Most of them feel that Mrs. Stewart, favorite patron of student functions, who has attended their dances, heard them sing, watched them on stage, listened to their philosophies, entertained many in her home, graduates herself, *magna cum laude* every year in her own special course.

The den is used for smaller groups or less formal occasions.

The day the Angels Sang

Robert McMichael

Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Lumsdon pictured at their colourful wedding reception in the Old Mill, Toronto.

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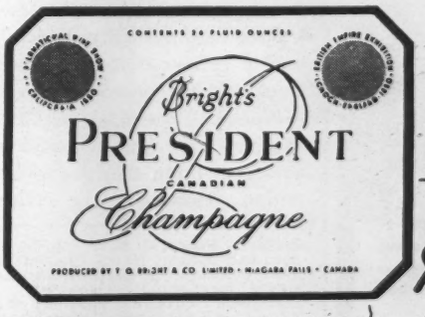

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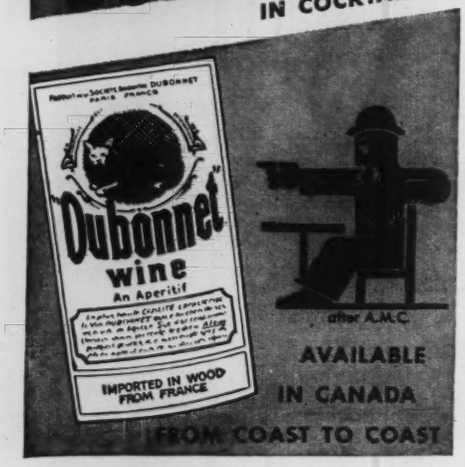

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Letters

Travel in Canada

Your issue on tourist expenditures missed two of the most important reasons why Canadians spend so much in the U.S.A.

Many of us visit the U.S. (a) to purchase articles not available in Canada, or articles that are cheaper in the U.S.; (b) because they can also get entertainment of a kind not available in Canada.

Suppose one does enjoy a fishing holiday in Nova Scotia. What does one do after sundown? Just go to bed or look at TV? A tourist needs something to do after dark. Toronto and Montreal can provide a little, but nothing to compare with Las Vegas, New York, San Francisco, Chicago, etc. Outside of Toronto and Montreal there is nothing.

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. . . Why do our bus lines not specialize on circle tours of three, four, or five days (or longer), visiting the beauty spots in Ontario and the other provinces? The American lines have any number of these trips, and well advertised, so it is no wonder that Canadians are always taking a holiday in the United States . . . These trips should be in leisurely fashion, with time to enjoy each place visited.

It has been remarked that our motels and hotels are not what they might be. Possibly this is due to the very short season, and it might be wise on the part of the Government to provide a subsidy to encourage tourist trade from both Canada and the United States.

RICHMOND HILL, ONT. V. G. BARRATT

Bridey Murphy

. . . Nathan Cohen (in the article on Bridey Murphy) has not made the slightest attempt to obtain reasonably objective information on the concept of reincarnation as embodied in Hindu and Buddhist religious philosophy . . .

As an elementary psychological principle, Mr. Cohen's violent reaction to people's fear and panic surrounding the subject of the finality of death would lead one to believe that he himself is far from free from this apprehension.

No one would claim that the Bridey Murphy experiments could be construed as representing scientific proof of reincarnation. However, the evidence is not nearly as fraudulent as Mr. Cohen would perhaps like to believe and has endeavoured to represent it . . .

FORT ERIE, ONT. HENRY G. WALTON

Editor's note: Our correspondent obviously misread the article. Mr. Cohen was simply describing the Bridey Murphy version of reincarnation, not commenting on other religions. In any case, unprejudiced investigators have pretty well wrecked Bridey's story now.

Callaghan in Libraries

It is unfortunate that the writer (of the article on Morley Callaghan) seems to conclude that one unnamed librarian's opinion must necessarily be held by others of her profession. Feeling myself to be representative of a contrary opinion held by the majority of my fellow librarians I should like to state that I consider Morley Callaghan one of our outstanding writers both in theme and style. Mr. Callaghan's novels are to be found in every branch of the Toronto Public Libraries.

While on the subject of librarians may I, once and for all, explode the long-accepted myth of the mouse-like librarian who nibbles about in "a dusty, hushed world" of fusty, mouldering books? The librarian of today—male or female—is conversant with the wide range of literature with which she is surrounded. She is keenly interested in current world affairs.

ISLINGTON, ONT. MARY FINCH

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SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
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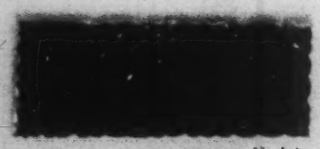

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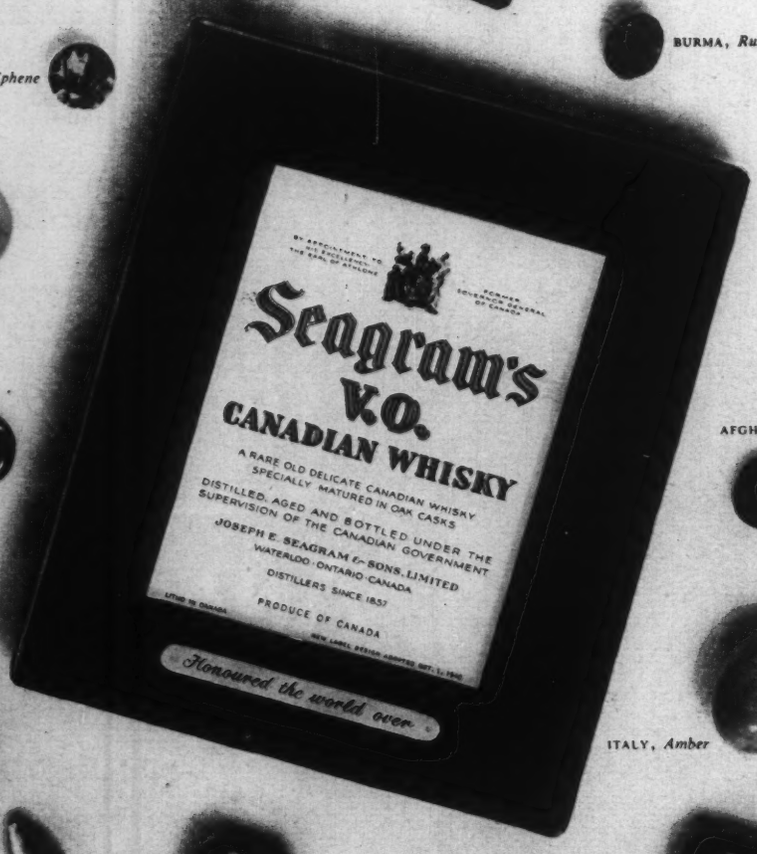
PANAMA, *Bluish Drop Pearl*

EGYPT, *Peridot*

URUGUAY, *Amethyst*

ARABIA, *Pearl*



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